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AUSTRIA AND PEACE.

GENERAL opinion has settled that the war is at an end, and it requires much stronger reasons for doubt than any readily available to express a distrust of the correctness of general opinion. But, even at this eleventh hour, everything depends on Austria, and on the calmness and prudence of her statesmen. It is undoubtedly a very great thing that she should have been brought to accept an arrangement by which she will be excluded from Germany. Those who began the war have now got all that they went to war for. Italy has got Venetia, Prussia has made herself mistress of Germany, and therefore it might seem as if the causes of war were extinguished. But it is always wise to look on the unfavourable side of things as well as on the favourable, and to take account of contingencies which may prevent our hopes being realized. It may be true that peace is the best thing for Austria, but there are impulses and even calculations which may make her prefer war. She will try to place herself in the right this time, and get the opinion of Europe with her. She will make it appear that she only chooses war because she is driven more hardly than in fairness she ought to be driven. She may accept the general result, and own that she is prepared to retire from Germany, but she may declare that she cannot leave those German Powers which sided with her to be trampled under foot by Prussia. She may insist that she cannot, without deep dishonour, let Saxony be made a province of Prussia while Saxon soldiers are fighting on the Austrian side, and have just shed their blood freely and won great distinction under Austrian generals. She may protest against the severe treatment to which Frankfurt has been exposed, and it must be recollected that, if she could but get a good excuse for breaking off the negotiations, she might think she would gain by doing so. Hitherto she has made a great mistake in the way in which she has conducted her relations with France. She has placed herself under the suspicion of being under subjection to a foreign Power, and she has lost caste in Germany accordingly. It is said, and with much truth, that she was far too eager to ask France to arbitrate in a German quarrel. But if she could rouse a feeling of antagonism in Germany to Prussia, as too overbearing and oppressive in the moment of triumph, she might win the credit of desiring to be the saviour and protectress of Germany, and at the same time she might take advantage of the antipathy to Prussia and the alarm at Prussian successes which unquestionably prevails to a considerable extent in France. The French wish very much for peace, and they look to their EMPEROR to have peace made if peace is possible. But if peace turns out not to be possible, then the French will naturally begin to accept the war as a necessity, and will examine much more closely than they have done as yet what are the merits of each cause, and what can be supposed to be the French interests involved in the issue of the struggle. At present they prefer peace to any German cause, good or bad; but if peace is denied them, they will not improbably feel the irritation which the conduct and assumptions of Prussia are likely to provoke.

Even outsiders must agree with Austria in thinking that the fortune of war might turn now, and that, if she could not beat the Prussians, she might delay them, and might force them to retire from before Vienna. It is strange how uniform the success of Prussia has been, and even at the last moment, when operations were ended by the armistice, Presburg was, it is said, at the mercy of the Prussians, who had fought hard for it and were rapidly gaining on their enemies. This at least is the Prussian account of the affair, although the intelligence from the Austrian side would justify us in thinking that the state of things was really different. But,

apart from the conclusion forced on us by the experience that hitherto Prussia has always won, we might doubt whether Austria has not even now as good a chance of forcing the Prussians to retire as the Prussians have of entering Vienna. All accounts speak of the spirit of the Austrian army as unbroken, and of a general eagerness in its ranks for a new conflict. Its position at Floridsdorf is very strong, and if the Prussians attempt to do what NAPOLEON did in 1809, and to hold the upper line of the Danube, and to secure Krems and Stockerau before attacking Vienna, the main body of their army must be much reduced in strength. It is true that CIALDINI might do what Prince EUGENE did before Wagram, and bring up an Italian army in time for a decisive struggle. But the Italians do not appear to prosper in this war. They have had a great disappointment in the ill-success of their fleet off Lissa, having always relied on showing a decisive naval superiority over Austria if an opportunity were given them; and now that they have had an opportunity, they have failed, for although their defeat was not in itself a very serious one, yet the result has been that their navy has been reduced to inactivity. The Austrian fleet can lie at Pola in perfect safety, and, when it pleases, it can venture out; and even if it had not always such good luck as it has had this time, it has far too good a chance of success to permit the Italians to try any operations the basis of which is their continued and unquestioned superiority at sea. So far as is known, CIALDINI's army has not moved forward at all, and although General MEDICI has achieved a considerable success on a small scale, by pushing his forces almost as far as Trent, yet this could do little to determine the main contest. Trent is very far from Vienna, and although a small body of troops might win their way there, it might be impossible to move a large force on the same route. It would take weeks for the Italians to fight their way to Vienna, and the Prussians would lose their prestige and the advantage of the initiative by which they have profited so largely, if they remained passive any long time. Austria would only have to reckon with Prussia, for, in spite of all their gallantry and their eagerness for fighting, it must be owned that as yet the Italians have done more to encourage Austria than to damage her.

But there is a further reason why Austria might be glad of an excuse for war, if she could but get a good one. Her rulers may well shrink from the internal difficulties that lie before them. It is evident that the remonstrances, from Vienna itself and from the German provinces, against the whole system of the Government, and against its administration of military and political affairs, have been very serious and very bold. The Hungarians too have, it is said, exacted the promise of a concession to them of all that they have been so long demanding. Even the remote provinces have preferred claims that it has not been found expedient to deny. At present all this antagonism to the Government is kept under restraint, for the EMPEROR can reasonably refuse to make political changes when the enemy is before his capital; but if peace were declared, he would have to redeem his pledges, and would have to embark in a great number of most hazardous innovations. Outside politicians have settled very comfortably that Austria is to cease to be a great Power, and that she must content herself with the mission of ruling over the half-civilized borderers of the Danube. This would be all very well if it were possible, and Austria would have a mission which would give her endless trouble and very little glory; but if she fulfilled it successfully, she would be doing a great service to mankind. But the difficulty for Austria is that she cannot be certain of existing at all if she is a secondary Power, and a Power that enters upon her new career

under the cloud of a great humiliation. The central authority of the Austrian Empire will be very weak if peace is now concluded, and the Austrian Empire has hitherto existed because the central power was strong. Let it be taken for granted that in any case Austria must now retire from the German Confederation, and that she will henceforth be a non-German Power, still it will make all the difference to her whether she starts or does not start with a Government that has shown itself in some degree strong and great in war. If the Prussians were repulsed from Vienna, and the Emperor of AUSTRIA were then to make peace and retire from Germany, his subjects would respect him and his Government, and his army would have all the coherence and all the unity of spirit and interest which a recollection of victories won in common seldom fails to give. But if this army has nothing to remember except that it was beaten, and if the Government has done nothing except bring ruin on those for whose safety it was responsible, the army will scarcely stir itself to maintain the Government, and the Government may easily fall to pieces. The Austrian provinces are very unlike each other, and have no affection for each other. They would like to be governed each after its own pattern, with a nominal central authority which each might bully and worry as it pleased. If peace is made now, they will in all probability get their way, and then the head of this central authority may for a time be called the Emperor of AUSTRIA; but Austria, as Austria has hitherto been known in Europe, will have disappeared utterly, and will be known only in history. That, in spite of all these considerations, peace will be concluded in a few days, is very probable, for France is pressing hard for peace, and Austria will scarcely resist; but the Emperor of AUSTRIA can hardly fail to be aware that, when the peace is signed, his Empire is virtually at an end.

THE HYDE PARK RIOTS.

THE stump has done its work, and those who have mounted it are responsible for the wrecking of Hyde Park. The present week has witnessed a more serious attempt at rioting than has occurred in London since the days which survive only in the fading memory of the contemporaries of BURDETT and Orator HUNT. At the bidding of Mr. BRIGHT and with the assumed approval of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BEALES representing the law, and his lieutenant Mr. LUCRAFT the property, and a Professor ROGERS the intellect of the country, have let loose all the lawless and mischievous rabble of London to break the public peace, and to do all the harm they can to liberal opinions, and even to the cause of Parliamentary Reform itself. When we say this, we do not intend to charge either the ex-CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, or even Mr. EDMOND BEALES, M.A., or "the magistrate and deputy-lieutenant," Colonel DICKSON, with encouraging or even contemplating the late riots. Of Mr. BRIGHT we shall have more to say presently, but it is quite possible that Mr. GLADSTONE may live in a fool's paradise, and may think that "to summon the dangerous classes of such a city as London to meet by tens of thousands, and to traverse the greatest thoroughfares from east to west, could end in such harmless amenities as saluted him and his wife in an open barouche. By a great exercise of that charity which can see no sin in a fool, we are even ready to believe that Mr. BEALES really thought that fifty or a hundred thousand men—or whatever the numeral is supposed to be—would be at the trouble of walking five or six miles, and sweltering for hours on a sultry July evening, for the mere chance of hearing his sweet voice. All that can be said for the Council of the Reform League is, that if they are not desirous of terrorizing the Legislature, and if they are not intentionally fomenting sedition, they are extremely simple people, innocent of the ways of the wicked, to an extent which may be creditable to their trust in the virtues of a London mob, but which scarcely proves their political discernment. Perhaps it is because they are so jealous for the freedom of discussion, and for the thoughtful and peaceful expression of sound political convictions, that they invite discussion under circumstances, and at places, where deliberation and argument are simply impossible. If the working-men and the working-men's advocates seriously thought that such meetings as those which they have summoned could end without mischief, or could be permitted by any authority worthy of the name of a Government, or could by any possibility further the ends which they were proposing, they are not only very silly, but, by this single act, they show how little they are to be trusted with a sudden access of political power. It is not given to us all to appreciate Mr. GLAD-

STONE's subtle distinctions and refinements. People whose heads or windows are broken, or whose peace is disturbed, by furious mobs, cannot draw the precise line which separates Mr. BEALES from his ugly tail of followers. It is difficult to say where Mr. LUCRAFT ends and the "rough" begins. Even the friends, or at least apologists, of riot cannot quite see their way. The *Daily Telegraph* assures us that "there were fewer roughs in the vast multitude of Monday night than are to be met with in every Lord Mayor's Show." If this is so, we can only say that the working-man is as unfortunate in his advocates as in the associates who usurp his name and figure so conspicuously in his company.

The plea put forward for selecting Hyde Park as the only possible place for political discussion is absurd on the face of it. "Nowhere else could they assemble with less risk of disorder." So we are told; to which the answer is by a question. Who are the people who did assemble? From what points did "the processions" converge on the Marble Arch? They started, we are told, from a number of points, including "Finsbury, Clerkenwell, Islington Green, Poplar, the East India Docks, Victoria Park, and Cambridge Heath Gate"—the very spots in the whole of London which are most distant from Hyde Park. If a mere place for getting together a great crowd was wanted, and if the sole object was to test a question in law—namely, the right of holding a public meeting in a public park—why did not Mr. BEALES summon his friends to Victoria Park, which was at their very doors? Out of twelve places from which we are told processions started on Monday night, eight are within a mile of Victoria Park; and at least six of them are some six miles from the Marble Arch. But neither Victoria Park nor the *Mons Sacer* of Primrose Hill would have answered Mr. BRIGHT's purpose, at any rate. He has avowed his preference for Palace Yard and Parliament Street, as the best places for instructing the delegates of the people in their duties, or "teaching them to respect the working-man"; and if Mr. BEALES and Colonel DICKSON and the Oxford Professor did not intend to read a lesson to Belgravia and Tyburnia, and the owners and occupiers of the Grosvenor Estates, on the might and majesty of the masses, they were unlucky in the disposition and subsequent conduct of their hordes. As it has turned out—and much, we are told, to Mr. BEALES's tardy regret—we have had a taste of the quality of his friends. It is not reassuring. We do not relish this sort of political sympathy, and the peculiar mode adopted of displaying it. A mile of iron railings destroyed, the finest public grounds in Europe laid waste, our windows smashed, our club-houses and private houses either wantonly injured or threatened with wrecking, a free use of brickbats and bludgeons, and a few scores of murderous assaults, are arguments ugly in themselves, very damaging to those who use them, and in other respects of very serious importance. The great problem, not only for London, but for all vast centres of population, is to prevent the dangerous classes from combining to exert their strength. It is all very well to dilate on the innate respect which Englishmen and English mobs pay to the law, and on the deference instinctively paid to the policeman's truncheon; and it is pleasant, if illusory, to think that a London mob is chaffy, lively, good-humoured, and only sanguinary in its choice of a particular adjective. But there are hidden fires, which are not agreeable even to think about, below these flowers of rhetoric. There may be a little latent tiger, as well as palpable monkey, in our "rough." Old or at least senescent men tell us that the mere recollection of the crowd of "roughs" who were got together on that famous Lord Mayor's Day when WILLIAM IV. did not go into the City, has lasted them a life. We admit that, in comparing 1830 with 1866, we must take into account the strength of the police and the increased means and multitudes that can be enlisted on the side of order; but it is not clear that London might not even now be half ruined by a *coup de main* on the part of those who have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by a combined attack on property and peace. They who best understand the London population know best by what a thread order is preserved from day to day. An organized and simultaneous raid even on shop-windows is no such difficult attempt if the roughs had but learned the art of combination. Fortunately they distrust each other, and hardly know themselves their strength for mischief. Eighty-six years ago London was powerless against rioters; but possible sackers and burners have increased—how many fold?—since 1780. Special constables did a vast deal in 1848, yet Bristol was fired, and remained at the mercy of a few hundred vagabonds for some days within very recent memory. We own to great timidity about practical lessons in rioting;

and as for the wretched sophistry which attempts to saddle Mr. WALPOLE or Sir GEORGE GREY with the "brutal attacks of the police on the people" we cannot dismiss it with the excuse of ignorance on the part of those who talk this mischievous twaddle. There was absolutely no alternative for the Government but to prohibit the Hyde Park meeting, and yet, under the circumstances, its prohibition was almost certain to end in a row. It is easy to be wise after the event, and to say that when the rioters broke into the Park the police should have been sent home, and the military should not have been paraded. But, excepting the advocates of sedition, nobody pretends that the meeting in Hyde Park ought to have been permitted by authority. The consequence is plain, that those who called the meeting, and who persisted in holding it in spite of official warning and prohibition, are responsible for all the incidents of that riot. So are those, though less directly, who encouraged this sort of political agitation. On Mr. BRIGHT, who well knew what he was about, and on Mr. BEALES, who was perhaps too stupid to understand the inevitable consequences of his acts, we unequivocally charge the responsibility of what has happened, and of what may happen. We do not suppose that Mr. BEALES has any pleasure in seeing the peace broken; we wish that we could say as much for the prudent person who only finds it convenient to write inflammatory and provocative letters from Rochdale. To do Mr. BEALES and his Leaguers justice, they at least risk broken heads; Mr. BRIGHT prefers the less glorious but safer course of preaching anarchy and riot, and of exposing, not his life and limbs, but his character. And it will be noticed that Mr. GLADSTONE's habitual fluency has been for once exchanged for a significant silence, when, in the House of Commons, the opportunity presented itself to him for disavowing any sympathy with those who marched to riot and possible bloodshed under a banner emblazoned with his image and superscription. The offences against the law which are punished in the persons of the thirty or forty poor fools or paltry knaves who have made acquaintance with Mr. KNOX and Mr. MANSFIELD are as nothing compared with Mr. BRIGHT's last offence against the public peace and against society. SMITH O'BRIEN risked his head, and HUNT and O'CONNELL and FEARGUS O'CONNOR risked their persons; but it requires a peaceable Quaker and a Birmingham-metal demagogue to put to hazard the safety of other people, the peace of the capital, and the whole fabric of social order, through the cheap medium of the penny post.

At present the semi-comic element prevails in the "exciting drama" which has been during the week exhibited on the great stage of London. It remains to be seen—for it is not certain that the curtain has yet fallen—whether there is any tragedy to follow. The HOME SECRETARY has come out in the part of a very heavy father, and, with maudlin tears and very inappropriate benedictions and sympathies, contrived for the moment to encourage the naughty boy who would not be forgiven to a new outbreak of what we hardly know whether to characterize as inconceivable stupidity or very wilful misapprehension, if not wilful falsehood, on the part of the gentlemen to whose keeping he was not unwilling to consign the peace of London. Whether Mr. BEALES was really so bemuddled as to construe Mr. WALPOLE's loose civilities at the Home Office into a permission, explicit or implicit, to hold another meeting in Hyde Park—on the very scene and amid the miserable trophies of riot—or whether he purposely misinterpreted the HOME SECRETARY's undignified language, we care not to say. This, however, is quite plain—that Mr. WALPOLE ought never, after what had just taken place, to have received the representatives of the Reform League at all. Still less, when he had seen them, ought he to have hesitated for an instant—as he certainly did with the put-off of "consulting his colleagues"—in refusing in the most distinct form to accede to the insolent and peremptory demand for a repetition next Monday, under Government auspices, of last Monday's outrages. What Mr. WALPOLE ought to have said is what was subsequently said by Lord DERBY in the House of Lords. "If, after the warning which has been given," the Leaguers "persist in that which we believe to be a violation of the law, they must be held responsible for all the consequences which must follow from such a reckless course of procedure." To say less than this was something worse than weak; but Mr. WALPOLE certainly did say less. A gentleman of such very delicate sensibilities had better not have trusted himself to a personal interview with Mr. BEALES and his friends. People whose hearts are so tender and whose emotions are so excitable are hardly fit to receive deputations flushed with the triumph of a successful riot.

THE DEBATES ON FOREIGN POLICY.

A WEEK ago, both Houses engaged in discussions on foreign affairs, and arrived at a virtually unanimous conclusion. It is not gratifying to English vanity to admit that advice to Continental Governments is undignified because it is useless; and it is probable that future debates will become less and less animated as an unpalatable truth becomes generally recognised. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, as the natural representative of old diplomatic traditions, expressed his dissatisfaction with all the political events which have lately surprised, and perhaps remodelled, Europe. Recapitulating the changes which have taken place in the Danubian Principalities, he reminded the House of Lords that, according to the Treaty of 1856, Moldavia and Wallachia were to be governed by separate Hospodars; and that, when the restriction was removed by the simultaneous election of COUZA, the Great Powers still required that the Prince of the United Provinces should be a native. The inhabitants of the Principalities not unreasonably objected to a provision which was obviously intended to maintain their dependence on Turkey. Domestic discontent, perhaps stimulated by foreign intrigue, lately drove Prince COUZA from his throne; and after several attempts to procure a ruler with the indispensable condition of alien and Royal birth, the provinces are happy in the acquisition of a spirited cadet of HOHENZOLLERN. The SULTAN and his advisers not unnaturally suspect that a Prussian Prince is not likely to be a manageable vassal, and Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE is sceptical enough to doubt the accuracy of statements that Prince CHARLES undertook his enterprise without the knowledge and sanction of his Government. The whole question was felt by the House of Lords to be unpractical and obsolete. Lord STRATFORD advised Lord DERBY and Lord STANLEY to discountenance the claims of the new Hospodar, which are indeed wholly inconsistent with Lord PALMERSTON's policy of ten years ago, and with the stipulations of the treaty. Lord DERBY more prudently held that, as the Principalities desired union and permanent organization, it was not the business of England to thwart, or to pretend to thwart, their desires. It would not have been judicious to explain that the question was certain to be settled on the spot, without regard to the protests of distant members of the Conference. Theories of national right have been more profoundly modified since the conclusion of the Crimean war than in the forty years which had previously elapsed after the fall of NAPOLEON. When several millions of men speak the same language, and occupy a continuous territory, their right to constitute a separate State is only controlled by superior force sustaining some external claim of sovereignty. The Turks are strong enough to beat the Roumans in the field; but their legal pretensions are limited to the exaction of a definite tribute, and to a feudal superiority which is little more than nominal. If the Turkish army crossed the Danube, the Russians would cross the Pruth, and the Western Powers would scarcely be disposed to engage in an Eastern war for the purpose of preventing the Principalities from becoming independent.

By an intelligible connection of thought, Lord STRATFORD proceeded to lament the depression of Austria, the daring projects of Italy, and the triumphant ambition of Prussia. It is probable that many Peers shared his feelings, but Lord DERBY expressed the general opinion when he repudiated all intention of remonstrating against what it was impossible to prevent. The topic was at the same time more elaborately discussed by some of the most considerable speakers in the House of Commons. Mr. LAING spoke sensibly, Mr. HORSMAN eloquently, Sir GEORGE BOWYER extravagantly, and Mr. GLADSTONE generously and wisely. Lord STANLEY summed up the debate by announcing his intention of doing nothing, although it unluckily appeared that he had already given an ambiguous adhesion to the French EMPEROR's abortive and objectionable project of armistice. Mr. HORSMAN's speech was deficient in statesmanlike reticence, for it was utterly unnecessary, after accepting and approving the results of the war, to recall the erroneous anticipations which had been formed when the struggle was only impending. In declaring that all Englishmen had wished to see the Italians in Venice, and the Austrians in Berlin, Mr. HORSMAN left out of consideration a large minority which has since swelled into an overwhelming majority. The most thoughtful and dispassionate politicians, from the first, foresaw with pleasure that Prussia would necessarily acquire the Elbe Duchies; and they were convinced that an Austrian victory would decide nothing,

because it would have been opposed to the interest and wishes of the German nation. The fallacy of assuming universal concurrence in a favourite prejudice is too common to require express notice; and Mr. HORSMAN deserves credit for his discernment in perceiving that the success of Prussia had changed all the conditions of the problem. His error consisted not so much in a venial exaggeration as in gratuitously taking all the world into the confidence of England. It was utterly unnecessary to inform Prussia and Germany that resentment cherished from the time of the Danish war had prevailed over an enlightened appreciation of the expediency of constituting a great central Power in Europe. With the same indifference to the effect of his eloquent phrases on the minds of foreign statesmen, Mr. HORSMAN, after complimenting the Emperor NAPOLEON on his sagacity and moderation, implied that his acceptance of the cession of Venetia, as the condition of an armistice, had been a wrong to Italy, and an act of war against Prussia. Much might be said in support of the charge, but there was no need to say it in the House of Commons. The latter part of Mr. HORSMAN's speech was both acute and sound, but its effect was weakened by an unnecessary confession of previous mistakes. A fantastic speech of Sir GEORGE BOWYER gave Mr. GLADSTONE an opportunity of expounding, with remarkable force and lucidity, the principles of the past Italian policy of England, and the reasons for feeling satisfaction in the establishment of a great German kingdom. It is fortunate that an imaginative sympathy with the rights of Italy has taught Mr. GLADSTONE to form a thoroughly sound judgment on one of the most important political questions of his time. There were few other questions which brought Mr. GLADSTONE into perfect harmony with Lord PALMERSTON and with the Lord RUSSELL of former times. All these statesmen have steadily adhered to the cause of Italy, and they are rewarded by the cordial feeling which Italians in general entertain towards England.

There is only one reason for regretting the sudden and decisive issue of the German campaign. It was desirable that Prussia should triumph, and that the war should occupy the smallest possible time; but it is an alarming discovery that a great Empire is capable of collapsing in a week. It is not impossible that, with every desire to keep on good terms with every other Power, England may be engaged in a war within two or three or five years. Whenever the contest comes, unless it should be on English soil, an army of scantily recruited volunteers will be opposed to the product of a conscription. Englishmen are probably not less warlike now than in former times, but 100,000 men can by no possibility fight three times their number. Many years and many political changes must occur before military service is made compulsory and universal in England; but it is indispensable that every possible security should be taken for the efficiency of the naval and military service. It would be idle to adopt Mr. DISRAELI's rhetorical fancy that a decline of relative power in Europe can find compensation in an Indian or Colonial empire. Outlying possessions may have many advantages, but unless they contribute men or money for Imperial purposes, they are sources rather of military weakness than of strength. Journalists and other commentators on contemporary history necessarily express, in dealing with current events, opinions which are more or less weighty according to the ability and knowledge of their authors. Responsible statesmen in Parliament are not at liberty to criticize for the sake of criticizing; and it must be admitted that Lord STANLEY appears to possess the seasonable quality of silence.

EUROPE AND THE WAR.

THE hand of Prussia has been heavy on Frankfort, and the burghers of that rich city have learnt by sad experience what the sterner side of war is like. The General in command announced, before he entered the town, that he would come as a foe, and not as a friend, and he has made good his word. But it must be remembered that he has only done what BENEDEK announced his intention of doing to the Prussian towns of Silesia. The Austrian soldiers were to render the needle-guns useless by bayoneting their holders; they were then to march into Silesia, and to find in the thriving towns of that unhappy province "the consolations to which a victorious army is entitled." Fortune has declared herself on the other side, and it is the Prussian army that is victorious, and is enjoying its proper consolations, at the expense of a town that had declared itself strongly on the side of Austria. The consolation to which the Prussian Government declares itself entitled is the immediate payment of two

millions sterling. The consolations to which the army are declared to be entitled consist in a most liberal allowance of good living, and eight cigars for every man per day. Further, those Prussians who possess any kind of special authority enjoy a consolation which combines profit and amusement. They spend their days in shopping, and the shops of Frankfort are among the best in the world. Instead of paying, they give the shopkeepers orders on the Frankfort Treasury for the amount. They would not pillage for the world; but getting goods for nothing is a consolation, and they combine conscientiousness with self-gratification by authorizing those whose goods they take to get payment, if they can, from their neighbours. The Prussian Administration, which is never above attending to trifles, has specially ordered that the eight cigars served each day to the officers are to be good cigars, and Frankfort happens to be one of the very few Continental cities where good cigars are to be bought. It is difficult to fancy anything more consoling to the ordinary Prussian officer than the privilege of strutting about a handsome, pleasant town, smoking eight good cigars gratis, and paying for anything that catches his eye in a shop by giving an order on the local treasury. We confess that it seems to us a mistake to have fixed the sum to be paid to the Government at so high a figure; for it gives a specific ground of appeal to the public indignation of Europe, whereas all those daily quiet consolations of the army might have gone on without any one outside of Frankfort knowing or caring about them. But there can be no doubt that this harsh treatment of Frankfort has been adopted with a special political purpose. The Prussian Government wishes to give the smaller States a lesson, and to teach them that, although it can be as kind and sympathizing and considerate as it has been in Hanover and Cassel and in other small States which it wishes to conciliate, yet it can also make its enemies sorely repent of having dared to oppose it. Exactly in the same spirit it deals with Bavaria. It has agreed that Bavaria shall, like the other States south of the Main, be at liberty to join, or to refuse to join, the new Confederation. Baden and Wurtemberg have given sufficient evidence that they think coalition with Prussia the best policy; but Bavaria seems to prefer being left out, and thus being free to join Prussia or Austria, as she may hereafter think best. The consequence is that Prussia is instantly down on her, will not allow her to benefit by the armistice, or to make separate terms, and informs her that, if she likes to be independent, she must pay a heavy sum by way of indemnifying Prussia for her share in the maintenance of the Federal fortresses situated in Bavaria. Evidently Count BISMARCK still retains his old belief that mankind are not to be ruled or managed properly without a large amount of bullying.

It is interesting to calculate what will be the general effect of a war conducted in the way in which the Prussians have conducted it, if peace is now made. It is not possible to doubt that its primary effect will be to do away with small States. Philosophers have often pointed out the great advantages which the existence of small States confers on Europe. It is said that States like Weimar and Frankfort have had a life, a spirit, and an intellectual character of their own which have tended to keep up that variety which is so desirable in the general stock of European ideas; that Bavaria and Wurtemberg have each contributed a school of theology of a novel and valuable kind; and that even in Reuss and Lippe there is a serenity and a gentle flow of babyish happiness which the intelligent tourist misses elsewhere. Following out this train of thought, and guided by their researches into history, others have pronounced that unity is a mistake for Italy, and that the Italians would be showing true wisdom, and an apprehension of their proper national bent, if they resolved themselves into a federation of little States, and if Florence, Genoa, and Venice once more had small territories under their special domination. Bolder enthusiasts have even declared that a general resolution of every European State into a number of small States is the dream and goal of the future. But it will at any rate be impossible henceforth for any one at Frankfort to believe in this theory. It is said that the Prussian commander, when he found that the rich men of Frankfort declined to pay the enormous sum required from them, proceeded to exercise a gentle compulsion on the leading Senators by billeting fifty more soldiers on each of them. To say nothing of the food and drink this involves, it amounts to a requisition of 2,800 cigars a week; and a man who, because he lives in a wealthy, defenceless, independent town, is condemned to give other people 2,800 cigars a week, will scarcely persuade himself to find a philosophical consolation in the thought that the existence of independent little States contributes a desirable variety to the general stock of European ideas. Small States can no longer give their inhabitants a

reasonable security for life and property; and men above all things desire to live, and to keep their cigars for themselves and their friends. Even in the hour of adversity the inhabitants of big States may hope for a better lot than has fallen to the burghers of Frankfort. Brünn and Prague have not been treated as Frankfort has been; and although BENEDEK threatened the towns of Silesia, it is probable that the fear of future retaliation from Prussia would have induced him to bid his men be very moderate in the consolations they exacted. Fear is a very powerful motive of human action, and fear will henceforth urge men to belong, if possible, to a State that can protect them.

Another consequence of this war will be the maintenance throughout Europe of large and costly armies in a state of high efficiency. It is very disappointing, in a golden age of commerce and progress, that this should be so, but it is difficult to see how it can be avoided. It results from the new character which mechanical improvements of very various kinds have given to war. Why has Prussia succeeded? Because she was able at the very outset of the war to strike a heavy blow that crushed her enemy. To strike such a blow in modern days requires a very large number of troops, all highly trained, a command of the newest and most improved arms, artillery and ammunition of all kinds, an enormous commissariat, and the amplest resources in the means of transport. The very same things are also required to ward off such a first blow. Not to be beaten at once will henceforth be the aim of all nations that cling to safety and independence; and, in order not to be beaten at once, nations must be prepared, as Prussia was, and as Austria was not. Nations like England and Germany, where the Government can trust its own subjects, will have this advantage over nations like France, which cannot—that they can reckon on the services in war of men who in peace support themselves. We have got in the Volunteers nearly two hundred thousand excellent soldiers who ordinarily cost us nothing, or next to nothing, and the Landwehr is equally inexpensive to Prussia. This is a very good arrangement when it is practicable; but it is only one way of securing the power of dealing or warding off the first blow which must be received by every nation that does not wish to see an enemy in its capital. There is no time given in modern warfare to develop resources, to collect troops, to make ships, to provide means of transport. The big fatal blow is dealt at once, and, if it succeeds, its success is overwhelming. Commerce and general progress tend indisputably to make war less likely to take place, but they do not alter the character of war if it takes place. The French are very much less keen for war than they used to be. They do not like the heavy taxation which is the dark side of martial glory, and they see how much the winners pay for victory. Had it not been for this feeling in France, a general war would now be blazing throughout Europe. But a reluctance to go to war does not alter the mode in which war will be made, if it is made. We have many excellent reasons for trusting that we shall keep on the most friendly terms with France; but if, in calculating possibilities, we wish to be prepared for a war with France, we must be prepared in the right way. A few ships, a small stock of good weapons, a few regiments, a few old-fashioned pipeclay officers, are in modern warfare of absolutely no use at all. By prudence and conciliation we may hope to save ourselves the enormous cost of actual war; but we cannot possibly save ourselves the constant cost of being ready for war on a great scale, unless we are prepared to say that we are never going to fight with a hope of winning.

THE COBDEN CLUB.

MR. COBDEN was eminent enough to give his name to a Club, or to receive any other honour which is customarily paid to illustrious personages by their followers and admirers. There is, indeed, an inconvenience in the inevitable divergence of opinion which gradually separates disciples associated in a Club from the political saint under whose invocation they are assembled. The PITT Club, before its decease, represented with perfect accuracy the opinions which Mr. PITT had most conspicuously repudiated. In honour of the first Free-trade Minister, it drank toasts to Protection, and it loudly denounced the cause of Catholic Emancipation to which Mr. PITT had sacrificed place and power. In rigid preference of party orthodoxy to all other considerations, the Fox Club is more faithful to the name which it professes to commemorate, for its members are uniformly thoroughgoing Whigs; but it oddly happens that

they are now Free-traders, whereas Mr. Fox was afraid that the country would, under Mr. PITT's French Treaty, be inundated with foreign goods. The COBDEN Club includes many zealous advocates of Lord PALMERSTON's foreign policy, which was the object of Mr. COBDEN's unmixed detestation; but they have an undoubted right to show their admiration for an able and honest politician, although they may only concur with a portion of his opinions. Their mode of expressing their feelings is also a matter of taste, and they are not required to explain to strangers their reasons for converting their opening festival into a political demonstration. Notwithstanding the elaborate eulogy on Mr. COBDEN which was delivered from the chair, the meeting was practically held to celebrate the secession of Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE from the moderate Liberal party. Mr. COBDEN's name will be associated by posterity with free trade alone, although he held strong opinions on many other political questions. His advocacy of peace produced no visible effect, except that it was one of the principal causes of the Russian war. He died before he had succeeded in effecting any perceptible retrenchment; and he had no opportunity of promoting the cause of Reform. Mr. GLADSTONE dilated on the topics which are especially interesting to himself, and it was perhaps not his fault that his own presence in some degree diverted the audience from exclusive attention to the merits and services of Mr. COBDEN. His speech was in itself appropriate and generous; and his description of Mr. COBDEN's character was scarcely exaggerated. By common consent, the triumphant popular leader of 1846 was essentially amiable, benevolent, and unselfish. In political controversy Mr. COBDEN was sometimes bitter and pugnacious; but he bore no malice, and he was exempt from the faults which belong to the type of a demagogue. It was a great achievement to have accelerated by some years the repeal of the Corn-laws, and Mr. COBDEN might be justly proud of the cosmopolitan popularity which facilitated his negotiation of the French Treaty. Almost all his projects unconnected with free trade were fanciful and abortive. At one time he was bent on an impracticable scheme for controlling the county representation by faggot votes; and his participation in the deliberations of the Peace Society was either useless or mischievous. Mr. GLADSTONE properly confined himself to the merits of his hero, and if he connected the modern theory of non-intervention with Mr. COBDEN's protests against war in general, the error was scarcely in excess of the license accorded to after-dinner eloquence. The speech was not one of Mr. GLADSTONE's happiest efforts, and the orator would, for many reasons, have been better away; but at a dinner held in honour of Mr. COBDEN it was proper to praise his virtues, and it was perhaps natural to dilate on the doctrines which seem to constitute the foundation of a new and rising party.

Mr. GLADSTONE said little about himself, but Lord RUSSELL was exclusively and injudiciously egotistical. No statesman has been so habitually wanting in delicate loyalty to his party and his colleagues, and it was therefore not surprising that he took a miscellaneous audience into the confidence of his own want of perfect harmony with Lord PALMERSTON. Mr. COBDEN, it seems, said that if Lord RUSSELL had been at the head of the Government he would not have refused the place in the Cabinet which he actually declined. In telling the anecdote, Lord RUSSELL implied that his own policy was distinct from that of his colleague and chief; yet it was to Lord PALMERSTON's conduct of foreign affairs that Mr. COBDEN objected, and Lord RUSSELL was himself Foreign Minister. If Mr. COBDEN's discriminative compliment was deserved, Lord RUSSELL ought to have withheld his connivance from the measures of his own Cabinet and his own department. In the excitement of the Star and Garter he forgot for a moment that he was himself principally responsible for the conduct which, according to his narrative, was especially obnoxious to Mr. COBDEN. Another serious impropriety was committed when Lord RUSSELL, at a tavern dinner, revealed the secrets of the Foreign Office, which are the property of the nation. His defence of himself might have been made without a gratuitous attack on the policy of his predecessors. Lord RUSSELL has been often blamed for giving advice to foreign Governments; and his best apology is that, if his counsels were sometimes officious, they were usually sound. It is true that, in the later part of the Danish controversy, he compromised the dignity of his country by menaces which his colleagues afterwards declined to execute, and by suggestions which gave tenth-rate Continental diplomatists an opportunity of delivering impertinent repartees. But his advice at an earlier period

had been unanimously adopted by the German Courts, and it was unhappily rejected by Denmark only through the false impression which was produced by the ignorant comments and invectives of an ill-informed press. His course with regard to Italy was equally prudent and successful, but an English Minister is bound to maintain the unity and identity of the policy of the Crown. The folly of Lord MALMESBURY was either a State secret or a proper subject for the consideration and condemnation of Parliament. It is credible that a Minister who combined a blundering hatred of Italy with a mean subservience to France may have advised the Duke of TUSCANY to leave his dominions, and the King of NAPLES to reject the Piedmontese alliance; yet in 1859 Lord RUSSELL applauded Lord MALMESBURY's conduct, and, as his duty has not since compelled him to inform Parliament of his mistake, he might as well have allowed England the credit of consistent friendship to Italy. Between the gratification of his own vanity and a regard for the public interest Lord RUSSELL has seldom hesitated. His attack on Lord STANLEY was equally unseemly, although, on a proper occasion, it might have been supported by plausible arguments. It was unfortunate that an English Minister should recommend a proposal for an armistice which was injurious to Prussia and insulting to Italy; but there was not the smallest occasion for confiding Lord RUSSELL's disapproval to the members of the CORDEN Club.

It is extraordinary that the two chief members of the late Government should be eager to find an opportunity of dissociating themselves from their late colleagues, and from the Whig party. It is obvious that Mr. CORDEN's name was merely used as a pretext for presenting Mr. GLADSTONE in his new character as the leader of the extreme Liberals. It was enough to have encouraged the riotous meetings which have nightly disturbed and disgraced the metropolis, without proclaiming a close alliance with the party which is represented by Mr. BRIGHT. Mr. MILL, as an independent philosopher, is at liberty to applaud the supremacy of the mob; but Mr. GLADSTONE can only hope to govern the country by uniting all Liberal suffrages. As a tactician, he commits the mistake of begging votes which are already his own, at the cost of alienating wavering supporters and friends who already see with regret that separation is impending. It was through a mixture of prejudice and instinct that the old Whigs disliked the original alliance with Mr. GLADSTONE, and that, notwithstanding the lustre which he sheds upon his party, they never heartily accepted him as one of themselves. For a time they believed, not without reason, that he still hankered after his previous associations; and in all probability their suspicions would have been justified if a junction with Lord DERBY had not involved the necessity of leading or following Mr. DISRAELI. At a later period Mr. GLADSTONE's restlessness took the opposite direction, and, having entered the Liberal party on the right flank, he is apparently about to leave it by the left. By writing a complimentary letter to the body which has caused the late riots, and by praising a mob which met before his house on authority which, as he truly stated, ought never to be publicly quoted, Mr. GLADSTONE has given just cause of offence to the majority of his late colleagues and to the party which they represent. There was no ground of offence in his presidency of the CORDEN dinner, except that it was certain to be interpreted, or misinterpreted, as a proof of adhesion to the extreme Liberals. It may be added, that if he had abstained from visiting Richmond, Mr. CORDEN would not have been effaced, and Lord RUSSELL might possibly have been induced to be prudent and silent. The celebration of Mr. CORDEN's memory by his own friends and followers would have provoked neither comment nor censure.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

THE growth of the French EMPEROR's influence in Europe will hereafter be deemed one of the most remarkable events in modern history, just as his accession to the throne will be remembered as the beginning of the movement which is changing the whole face of the Continent. When we recollect the storm of not unmerited invective in the middle of which his reign commenced, the suspicion with which a new NAPOLEON was regarded by every Foreign Office in Europe, and the apparent strength of the coalition that on his first diplomatic blunder might readily have been formed against him, one cannot help confessing that he has had a startling success. The manner in which he has triumphed over a sea of difficulties has been due to a combination of causes, most of which reflect credit on his ability and his

character as a statesman. The first thing in his favour was the fact that his rule, prejudicial as it has been to the intellectual and political life of the French educated classes, was soon accepted by the mass of the French people as a rule suited to the wants of the day. The reaction imposed upon France after the Revolution, first of all by the military tyranny of the great NAPOLEON, and next by the successive class Governments which took its place, was unnaturally violent. The Empire has been probably successful because it is a sort of mean between the government of the upper and middle orders and a pure and unbridled democracy. All sections of the country, except the educated or the ambitious, gained something by the compromise. The wealthy, at the price of the political liberties of the country, secured order, and the prospect at the same time that the material resources of the nation would be intelligently developed. The army could not be dissatisfied with a régime which promised them prestige, and which was too dependent on their allegiance to treat them with indifference and neglect. The lower orders were drawn by a strong class instinct to sympathize with a Sovereign who was allied with popular aspirations of every description upon the Continent, who lost no opportunity of acknowledging with pride that he was a *novus homo*, and who was certain to consult their interests before consulting the interests of any other part of the community. Accordingly the Second Empire was a success. For the first time since the battle of Waterloo, France was again one and indivisible, and any French Government which is thoroughly strong at home is sure, thanks to the restlessness and the vanity of the French people, to be strong abroad. When NAPOLEON III. had once seated himself firmly in his saddle, France and her rider became for the rest of the Continent a sort of formidable Centaur, horse-man and horse animated by one will and one ambition; and from this moment the first great step was accomplished towards rendering the diplomatic influence of the French Foreign Office almost paramount in Europe.

The second element in the success of the French Empire has been undoubtedly the rare political intelligence of the EMPEROR. He started with the advantage of knowing the Continent very well. He was familiar with the real strength of every European Power, and with the latent forces on which he could rely all over the world in case he should be brought into collision with this or with that Executive. These latent popular forces he neither underrated, as a partisan of old political systems might have done, nor overrated, as he would have done had he been a fanatic bent at all hazards upon carrying out a revolutionary idea. NAPOLEON III. has distinct sympathies, which occasionally break out in his words and actions, but he was not and is not an enthusiast. If he had been a Kossuth, or a Victor Hugo, he would have over-estimated the power of democracy; if he had been a violent anti-Catholic, he would have miscalculated the vitality still remaining in the Papacy; if he had been an ordinary thinker of any colour or any school, he could not have justly weighed and balanced the relative strength of opposite parties in France, Italy, and Germany. The chief foreign danger that first alarmed him was the danger of a fresh European coalition directed against himself. By a series of clever strokes he managed in turn to isolate each member of this possible coalition, and to break up the body into fragments which never can again be pieced together. He has alienated Russia from Austria, Austria from Prussia, and all of them from England. The result is that none of the great Powers are more intimately allied among themselves than each of them at any moment might be with France. Nobody now, not even England, has any natural allies. The era of *ententes cordiales* and of natural alliances between European Courts is over, and that it is over is due to the sagacity and perseverance of the Emperor of the FRENCH.

Side by side with this sagacity and patience, the French EMPEROR has known how and when to display a magnanimity which may or may not be genuine, but which has had, in the eyes of those who do not know him, the appearance of reality. What general sentiments he has chosen to give vent to have usually been in accordance with the liberal opinions of the age. In contrast to the traditional and selfish theories of French diplomatists, he has not shown any jealousy of the greatness or prosperity of other countries. Provided that France is strong, he assures the public at large that he has no wish to see either Italy or Germany weak, and the public at large are beginning to believe him. And there have been occasions on which, under circumstances of strong provocation or temptation, he has kept his temper, and made France keep hers. We can all recollect the time when Englishmen were rather surprised that NAPOLEON III.

did not exhibit the least desire to benefit by England's embarrassment at the time of the Indian mutiny. Nor was his conduct towards England, at the date of the Conspiracy Bill, otherwise than creditable. Any one who knew England saw plainly that the line adopted by the Parliament of the day, unsympathetic as it seemed, was the only line that could safely or constitutionally have been adopted. But few foreigners do know England, and it would have been a serious matter for the peace of the world if, at an hour of so much agitation and excitement in France, the French had not been under the guidance of a far-seeing and calculating statesman. When the Confederate Commissioners were seized on board the *Trent* steam-packet by Captain WILKES, the Emperor of the FRENCH acted with the same impartiality. It would have been very easy for a wild Anglophobe, who preferred gratifying his malice to upholding the sound principles of maritime law, to have fanned the controversy between the United States and Lord PALMERSTON's Government into a blaze, and then to have taken advantage of the difference for his own ends. NAPOLEON III. did nothing of the kind, and willingly exposed himself, through his friendliness and his moderation, to the insane criticisms of the Marquis DE BOISSY school. A similar and equally characteristic proceeding was his behaviour to the young Sovereign of Belgium, upon the death of the veteran King LEOPOLD. A censorious world had been prophesying that France was only waiting for this golden opportunity to get up a Belgian agitation, and to enlarge her own frontiers. The EMPEROR answered all these surmises and misgivings by being himself the first to telegraph to Brussels his recognition of the new monarch. All these things are doubtless capable of being explained in two opposite ways. One may contend that LOUIS NAPOLEON, in spite of all his fair speeches, is a conspirator and an intriguer, who acts honestly at times because he is clever enough to perceive that honesty is his best policy. His friendly conduct to England may be accounted for by the fact that an army of Volunteers has suddenly made its appearance upon this side of the Channel. His attitude about the affair of the *Trent*, in like fashion, might be set down to his anxiety that the Confederate States should win their independence, which was stronger than his presumable wish to embroil England and America. And this is actually the tone in which a number of clear-sighted and shrewd critics still talk of him. But the general world never continues to go on inventing invidious hypotheses of this kind, when a simpler and more charitable hypothesis will do. It is easier to interpret a monarch's actions on the assumption that, like his fellow-creatures, he is a mixed character, with good and bad impulses; and that, though ambitious and scheming, he is open to be moved by generous sentiment, and by a desire to use his powers and opportunities for the advantage of mankind. Notwithstanding the ambition and the intrigues of which NAPOLEON III. is admitted to be capable, the verdict of Europe is going in his favour, against those who accuse him of being a fiend in Imperial shape. Rooted distrust of his political morality was the last barrier that stood between him and European influence, and, after a long probation, this barrier too has almost given way.

In summing up the moral virtues and failings of the Second Empire, the manner in which this influence has been exerted abroad is not to be dismissed from sight. In its domestic aspects the Second Empire appears to Englishmen to be a very grievous evil. It deserves most of what Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH says of it. It suppresses free thought wherever free thought is likely to do it injury, and it has established a wholesale system of political bribery and terrorism in Paris and in the provinces. But its effect beyond the French frontier has not been of the same character. It is owing to the French EMPEROR that the Continent, after fifty years at least of misgovernment, is righting itself. And in lending his hand to this great work the EMPEROR has done what does not seem so much for the interest of France as for the interest of the world. Perhaps he did not intend at the outset that the change should be so complete as it may possibly turn out to be. He may have meant only that Austria should be weakened, not that she should be vanquished, and that Italy should only attain her independence upon his own conditions. He may not have anticipated that the defeat of Austria involved all but a European hegemony for Germany, and would possibly be a fatal and deadly blow to Catholicism. But even if the French EMPEROR looks back on occasions, after putting his hand to the plough, he still does put his hand to it, which is more than politicians of the calibre of M. THIERS and M. GUIZOT would do if they lived a thousand years.

Whatever his secret designs may be for aggrandizing himself, he is at least as prescient as M. THIERS, and must have foreseen from the commencement that the foreign policy of M. BISMARCK and of Prussia was tending to the unity of Germany. Under his sanction, therefore, France has contributed to the building up on either side of herself great and permanent European Powers. Every now and then NAPOLEON III. may hesitate or even vacillate about the expediency of what he is encouraging, but in the long run he encourages it nevertheless. This may not be generosity, or a cosmopolitan desire to see Europe prosperous and at peace, but it looks at first sight something like it. And though no Imperial success washes away from the recollection of a free people the memory of an Imperial *coup d'état*, and though despotism, however paternal, is a miserable and demoralizing system at the best, still, at a time like the present, it is fair and just to acknowledge the good side of a mixed character like the EMPEROR's, instead of always dwelling on the baser and less noble side of the shield.

MR. DISRAELI ON FINANCE.

MR. DISRAELI was undoubtedly sincere in expressing his regret that his first official act in his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer should be to demand an additional supply of money. It was consolatory to reflect that Mr. GLADSTONE must have done the same, as bills from New Zealand are not easily negotiable, and as the country would have required from any War Minister an immediate provision of breech-loading guns. An estimated surplus of 290,000*l.* has been converted into a deficiency of 200,000*l.*, and, as Mr. GLADSTONE had only left the smallest possible margin, it became necessary to provide 500,000*l.* In proposing a method of meeting the difficulty, Mr. DISRAELI was not even able to enjoy the favourite diversion of Finance Ministers by keeping the House in suspense while he dilated on half a dozen possible alternatives. It would have been impossible to devise an equivalent saving, and it would have been absurd to propose a fresh tax, when one of the items of expenditure in the Budget was appropriated to the discharge of a fragment of the Debt. It is, or was, usual in France to place a Sinking Fund of 4,000,000*l.* on both sides of the national account. Every year the payment was supposed to be made, but the amount was taken back by the Government for the regular service. Mr. DISRAELI has, with the full assent of Parliament, performed a similar operation with the half million which his predecessor had devoted to the creation of Terminable Annuities. It fortunately happened that the deficiency was exactly covered by the available sum, and therefore the attempt to pay off the Debt is postponed for a year. Coals are wasting themselves with increasing rapidity, and the claims of posterity are as stringent as formerly, but the small-arms factory is still more urgent in its demands, and Mr. DISRAELI secured his half-million without an attempt at opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, intimated his opinion that General PEEL was proceeding too fast, but he unintentionally exaggerated the expense which is to be incurred at Enfield and Birmingham; and there is a general belief that it would be false economy to arm the most expensive of armies with any weapon but the best.

In defending his plan of converting stock into Terminable Annuities, Mr. GLADSTONE had the debate to himself. As he truly stated, former Parliaments have passed similar measures for the purpose of cheating tax-payers into the belief that no part of their contributions was appropriated to the payment of debt. As the practice originated with a generation which placed its faith in Sinking Funds, the argument from authority and precedent seems not to be conclusive. If it is desirable to pay off debt, the operation ought to be performed in the simplest and cheapest manner, by levying taxes in excess of the Estimates, and by leaving the surplus to be dealt with under the existing law. The House of Commons and the country are not incapable of understanding that it is injudicious to pay a premium for the pleasure of being deceived; nor would the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER appeal in vain to Parliament for means to reduce the Debt, if it were once generally admitted that the object is in itself desirable. The Americans are at this moment making strenuous efforts to reduce their war debt by the legitimate process of raising a revenue in excess of the expenses of administration and of the interest due to the public creditor. If their present enthusiasm continues, they will in a few years be relieved from their liabilities, and they will have the additional satisfaction of knowing that they looked them in the face. The rate of interest in the United States

furnishes, to some extent, a reason for diminishing the capital of the debt; but the high value of English credit, making the Funds almost the least profitable of investments, renders it hopeless to increase the public wealth by paying off the indulgent national creditor. The House of Commons, which was startled by Mr. MILL's remarkable oration on the Malt-tax, began afterwards to consider that it could scarcely be a duty to posterity to keep up all taxes, good or bad, which happened to exist at the moment when Mr. MILL read Mr. JEVONS' pamphlet. Mr. GLADSTONE's adoption of Mr. MILL's fantastic reasoning was received with marked disfavour; and the Terminable Annuities Bill is followed to the grave by only a solitary mourner, to whom indeed it owes its existence.

Having occasion to ask for additional resources, Mr. DISRAELI was extraordinarily anxious to assure the House that his Government was disposed to carry out the principles of retrenchment which he had propounded in Opposition. He even took credit to himself for the gradual reduction of the estimates during three or four successive years, on the ground of the support which he had given to a motion of Mr. STANSFELD's in favour of a diminution of outlay. It would be discourteous to doubt Mr. DISRAELI's zeal for economy, but the fact of his having voted and spoken for a resolution on which the Ministers might have been beaten is not absolutely conclusive. The speech of which Mr. DISRAELI boasted was, as Mr. GLADSTONE with severe irony remarked, a proof of extraordinary courage, or, as he might have added, of extraordinary incapacity to understand public opinion. Within two or three years of a time at which all England had unanimously insisted on measures for defending the country, Mr. DISRAELI was not afraid to borrow from Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. CORBEN a denunciation of "bloated armaments." He is entitled, however, to the credit of having understood that an unarmed nation must depend on the tolerance or protection of more vigorous neighbours. In the same speech Mr. DISRAELI recommended, as the rule of English policy, habitual deference and subservience to the Emperor of the FRENCH. It was about the same time, if not on the same occasion, that he declared that the maintenance of the POPE's temporal power was a settled maxim of English policy. There would have been as much courage in referring to the speech as there was in delivering it in the first instance, if Mr. DISRAELI had not perhaps relied on the forgetfulness or ignorance of a new House of Commons. Frugality, and sedulous adaptation of means to useful ends, are among the first of administrative virtues; but mere retrenchment or diminution of expenditure may sometimes be culpable or indirectly wasteful. It is infinitely cheaper to spend a considerable sum in providing the army with breech-loaders than to take the chance of inability to resist a foreign enemy. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's ambitious projects require careful watching, but if he proves that turret-ships are wanted they must be built at any cost. It is extremely unlikely that Mr. DISRAELI has discovered any method of saving large sums without detriment to the efficiency of the public service; and it may be also conjectured that he has no intention of diminishing the army or the navy, or of reducing any of the great departments of national expenditure. By the side of the bloated armaments of the Continent, the English establishments are really not excessive, although it is probable that equal results might, with more vigorous administration, be obtained at smaller cost. It was by a mere accident that the new CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had to commence his official career with a supplementary budget, but his appeal to prejudice and to the popular love of fallacy was far more dangerous to his reputation. Unluckily, while Mr. GLADSTONE seldom understands men, Mr. DISRAELI has no sound knowledge of finance, of economy, or of politics. His epigrammatic sayings, with the half-truths which they embody, are appropriate when they proceed from a leader of Opposition, but they inspire no confidence when they are delivered by a Minister. It is not very material whether Mr. STANSFELD or Mr. WALPOLE was the first to find fault with the large expenditure of Lord PALMERSTON's Government. The question whether they were in the right can only be answered by a useless investigation into the half-forgotten circumstances of the time, and the measures of a former Administration. Even if the Estimates of 1862 or 1863 were too high, it does not follow that reductions on a smaller expenditure will be expedient in 1867. Mr. GLADSTONE indeed is willing to accept Mr. DISRAELI's pledges, and he will probably insist on the performance of implied promises. What the country requires, however, is not an arbitrary diminution of estimates, but a resolute determination to avoid unprofitable outlay.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

IN the midst of war tidings which scarcely left room for a thought of peaceful victories, the Atlantic Telegraph has been safely laid. In its own way this enterprise has called forth an amount of skill and courage which could not be surpassed by the proudest achievements of armies, and it may turn out that even the results of the German struggle will be less potent in their influence on the future progress of the world than the success of a bold commercial venture which promises to revolutionize the relations between Europe and America. It is not necessary to indulge in the hackneyed commonplaces of the annihilation of time and distance, in order to do justice to the value of the link which has just been completed between the Old and New Worlds. In commerce, the experience of the working of the very defective telegraph system between England and India has taught us how entirely the new mode of intercourse must supersede the tardy movements of steam-engines by sea and land. All the great Indian trade is now virtually absorbed by the telegraph, and written communications are used only to confirm and amplify the instructions transmitted through the wire. The influence thus exerted upon trading intercourse has, in some instances, as notably in the case of the unlucky Agra and Masterman's Bank, intensified panic and disaster, but the broad result has been to eliminate from commerce one of its most formidable risks. So long as weeks and months intervened between the giving of an order and its execution, the most cautiously tested intelligence often failed to avert the most serious dangers. Every purchase had to be effected on the faith of reports which might wholly misrepresent the trading and financial position at the time when the commission was executed; but with the aid of the telegraph, if less scope is given for some great coup dependent on individual foresight and speculation, the field for prudent enterprise is proportionately enlarged. What has happened in the trade with India will be even more conspicuous in the more important trade with the United States and with British North America. Nor will the political advantages be less than those secured by commerce. Rapid intercourse would, on many recent occasions, have been of inestimable value. The near approach to war at the time of the *Trent* dispute might have been altogether avoided by an easier and speedier interchange of communication between the Governments of England and the United States. As it was, the interval consumed by the double passage of the Atlantic was sufficient to work the two great communities concerned in the quarrel into a state of opinion which made the news of our preparations, when it did arrive, jar violently on the feelings with which the Americans had contemplated the exploit of Captain WILKES; and the intelligence of the serious indignation of England was not received until the people of America had committed themselves to an extent which made it only not impossible for their Government to retrace its steps. Nations which are placed in immediate neighbourhood are seldom surprised into war, although their propinquity exposes them to a multitude of differences which can scarcely arise in the relations of more distant countries. The telegraph removes the special danger of surprise, without introducing the conflicts which are apt to arise from too close propinquity; and as by far the greatest risk of collisions between this country and the United States arises from mutual ignorance at critical moments of each other's sentiments, the Atlantic Telegraph may without exaggeration be described as a security for peace in a sense which would be wholly untrue as regards almost any other similar enterprise that can be imagined. Nor is it only in the relations between the merchants of Liverpool and New York, and the Governments of London and Washington, that the telegraph will be an engine of enormous utility. Almost at the very moment that Ireland and Newfoundland are mechanically united, the great scheme of the Confederation of British North America is approaching its consummation. Among the first tidings that we may expect to receive through the telegraphic cable is the report, now imminent, of the absolute agreement of all the provinces to the project of union; and the final arrangement of the details of this important transaction will be incalculably facilitated by the opportunity of constant and immediate intercourse between the Governments of England and her colonies. The tardiness of the communications between England and Canada has been felt by the colonial authorities to be one of the greatest bars to the maintenance of wholesome relations, and a not unimportant party in Canada has made the establishment of more perfect intercourse, by means of a perpetual Committee sitting in England, the corner-stone of its policy. The necessity for this clumsy contrivance will be in great part

obviated by the facilities which a direct telegraph will afford, and it is not unlikely that the increased knowledge of what is going on from day to day in our North American Empire will do more than anything else could do to cement the union between the Mother-country and her colonies.

The obvious benefits to be hoped for from the success of the enterprise are not the only grounds for congratulation. The Atlantic Telegraph is a thing for Englishmen to be proud of. If the first audacious experiment had been successful, there would have been less to flatter a legitimate national complacency than there is in that triumph of perseverance over repeated discomfiture which has at length rewarded the boldest of modern commercial ventures. As a mechanical and scientific achievement, the laying of the cable is, indeed, scarcely to be compared even with the unsuccessful attempt of last year. We learned then the possibility of picking up a rope lost in the utmost depths of the Atlantic. This year's expedition has fortunately as yet had no such lesson to teach or to confirm. It was confidently believed that the machinery provided to repair any accident would have proved far superior to the very defective appliances employed on former occasions, though even now it is probable that the perfection of engineering skill has not been reached. But, happily, the sufficiency of these precautions has not been put to the test. So far as can be judged from the information supplied, and from the regular progress of the expedition from day to day, no hitch of the smallest consequence occurred. Everything went smoothly and merrily. Yet even in this there is no less ground for admiration than in the most skilful or daring struggles against unexpected obstacles. It is a wonderful feat to have manufactured 1,800 miles of a cable to which the minutest defect would have been fatal, and to have laid it at the bottom of the ocean without a flaw. The vigilance required in the construction, and the ingenuity and skill with which the testing operations were devised and conducted, are themselves among the highest triumphs of scientific engineering. For the first time a long deep-sea cable has been laid in perfect order. The remaining portion of the expedition will amply test the sufficiency of the new means devised for recovering and completing the half-finished work of last year. This is by far the most arduous part of the task, but there is no reason to despair of a successful issue. It is proved that a cable may be grappled at almost any depth, but it remains to be seen whether it can be brought safely to the surface. The failure of the attempts made immediately after the accident proves nothing against the feasibility of the present attempt. The Atlantic Telegraph engineers can now afford to admit that the appliances used in 1865 were altogether unworthy of the greatness of the enterprise. The truth seems to be that so little confidence was felt in the possibility of using any picking-up machinery with effect, that no sufficient attention was paid to this part of the undertaking to give it a reasonable chance. Much, though perhaps not yet enough, has now been done to facilitate the operation; and whether it succeeds or fails on the present occasion, there is no good reason for doubting that it is within the powers of modern science. We know that it is not impossible to find and seize the cable. It is certain that the silt of the Atlantic will not, by the accumulations of a single year, appreciably increase the difficulty. The ropes to be used are amply strong enough, provided the friction be kept down by working slowly and by freeing the end of the cable; and there would seem to be no insuperable difficulty in breaking the old cable within a few miles of the point to be raised, so as to avoid the drag of a long stretch of rope upon the bed of the sea. It is quite possible that a novel attempt may disclose new dangers and difficulties; but it is just as possible that they may be surmounted at once, and it is almost certain that, sooner or later, they will yield to science, backed by a larger experience.

The raising of the old cable will crown the success already achieved, and the progress of the undertaking will be watched with an anxiety only short of that with which the laying of the new rope has been looked for. The great question that remains for time to solve is the probable duration of the cable. No similar wire has ever lasted more than a few years, but many of the conditions of an Atlantic cable are more favourable to longevity than those of any rope previously submerged. In the first place, the manufacture has been more perfect, and the tranquillity of the deep ocean gives an additional expectation of life to the cable. Still no very prolonged existence in working order can be predicted until it shall be found practicable to lay a much heavier wire than that which now traverses the Atlantic. All past experience shows that a very thick cable may be trusted to last for an indefinite

time, while those of less bulk are always in danger of fracture from the gradual rusting of the iron casing at points where a considerable strain may exist. A thoroughly satisfactory Atlantic cable will never be submerged until we have two *Great Easterns* to divide the work between them; but if the new line lasts in good condition even as long as the fractured wire of last year, enough will have been done to insure the ultimate establishment of permanent telegraphic communication across the Atlantic. It may be hoped that the comparatively slight cable which has just been laid will have, at any rate, years enough of life in it to insure to the enterprising promoters of the scheme the pecuniary reward which they have so well deserved.

BREAKDOWNS.

SOME contemporary and friend said of Charles Fox, "He has three passions—women, play, and politics; yet he never formed a creditable connection with a woman in his life; he has squandered all his means at the gaming-table; and, with the exception of eleven months, he has invariably been in Opposition." Unaccountable breakdowns of this kind are among the gravest puzzles of men who look out philosophically upon society, and like to reflect upon the intricacies and contradictions of character. The world is full of people who, either consciously or without knowing it, have failed; that is, have fallen a vast way short of the point to which their qualities and their circumstances alike seemed certain to raise them, without the exertion of a single bit of superhuman or unreasonable virtue. In many, perhaps most, cases, the cause of the failure lies unmistakably on the surface. Very often some habit, strong enough and noxious enough to destroy all the qualities which tend to success, has been formed in years before the man could see either that he possessed these qualities, or that the habit which he was allowing to get the mastery over him was fatal to them. And people who are concerned to vindicate the ways of God to man on the small fragments of principles by which they usually vindicate the ways of man to his neighbour, confess that there appears something inscrutably harsh in the ease with which a lad or a girl in their teens can, by one slip, blight their whole future. Besides the cases where the best parts of a man are neutralized by a bad habit of his own, a good many breakdowns may be accounted for by the bad habits of other persons with whom the fallen man has the unhappiness to be connected. Then there is a whole stock of habits which, though scarcely visible in themselves, are not less pestilent in their consequences than drunkenness or incontinence or systematic idleness. No man can know himself who is not conscious of little subtleties of temper, strange perversities of mood, that he perceives but cannot analyse, and queer creatures of the mind that at critical moments rise out of the dark places of sentiment and turn him to the right hand or the left away from the control of his ordinary reason. The rest of us who are watching him, and who think that we have long since found out all the springs of his conduct, are amazed to find him taking the wrong turning with an invincible assurance, and only smiling complacently, as one who knows better than his neighbours, when he is warned of the abyss which awaits him at the end of his wrong turning. It is a bitter moment when one first finds out that a friend whom the gods will to overthrow has been seized with the infatuation which goes before ruin. Poor Charles Lamb, whenever his unhappy sister showed signs of the approach of one of her mental attacks, used to walk along with her to the asylum, both of them often in tears. A man may feel as wretched when he sees somebody he has loved walking along beyond the reach of help, through sheer wrongheadedness, over the verge of the hell of failure. But not seldom we are mistaken about a man having failed. The fault was our own in expecting too much. And these expectations are, in nine cases out of ten, the effect of supposing that what anybody has a passion for, that he has all the capacity for attaining. At the risk of seeming to strain after a paradox, it would be nearer the truth to say that, in nine cases out of ten, this view represents the very opposite of what is really the case. With men of ardent impetuous temper, like Fox for example, failure is the most effective agent for heightening and intensifying the dominant passion. They want excitement, and a prolonged run of bad luck is one of the most exciting things in the world. Moreover, by a law of mind with which people are only too familiar, men are notoriously most eager for what they have not got, and to a certain extent are not likely to get. Besides this, there is all the difference between a strong passion and a strong reasonable will. Passion overlooks means in its headlong anxiety for ends. Hence the weakness of those who occupy themselves too much with thinking how many thoroughly desirable things there are in the world. Clutching at all, they get a solid handful of none. Men with the best aims constantly break down because they cannot bring their great minds so low as details and items and little detached bits of labour and forethought. If they were to devote to detail a tithe of the mental energy which consumes itself in fruitless pondering upon the extreme desirableness of the desirable things, they would be much more than ten times nearer the attainment of their wishes.

It is a constant puzzle to many persons to ascertain what this or that acquaintance does with all his money. They know his income, they know his general mode and style of life, and they

know that he has not saved a sixpence. As is sometimes said of an unhealthy person's food, his money seems to do him no good. The most common and the truest answer to this question, why somebody who makes a good deal of money and lives in a moderate way and yet puts nothing by, is that he fritters or muddles his money away. It is not gross extravagance, but carelessness and shiftlessness, which keeps him floundering in the evil waters of neediness. Precisely the same explanation serves for the fact of so many apparently capable men and women never making any way in life. Buoying themselves up with resolves for the future, they allow the current of present circumstance to carry them drifting down wherever it lists. So the future never comes, and the resolves never bear fruit of fulfilment. In spite of all that misanthropists think and say about the grudging malignity of the world, there is something astounding in the credit to be got from mere resolutions. Unless we have some reason for especial scrutiny, we are apt to be content, in our neighbours, with an inconvertible currency of fine plans and high-sounding designs. A man's promise to perform passes, in many respects, with ordinary happy-go-lucky folk, for as much as in money matters the Bank of England's promise to pay. And with the same kind of people there is a very narrow limitation to the sense of the word failure. They require strong evidence and a tremendous depth of ignoble ruin before they will stigmatize a man's career as a failure, a mistake, or a breakdown. There is a certain commonplace standard, easy to satisfy, beyond which nobody expects us to go. To make a certain income and to have a certain amount saved up are the first duties which the world prescribes to the aspirant after success. No man, it is generally considered, who makes a good income, can be said to have broken down in life. The money test is the first that is applied. And as this is one which can be most easily understood and most widely grasped, it is unreasonable to declaim too much against its use. A large proportion of the people around him can understand with accuracy nothing else about the poet or the philosopher except that he makes such and such sums by his songs or his speculations. It is a great pity that so many persons should be unable to rise to a higher level than this; but, after all, this level is fertile in very serviceable though humble virtues of its own, and there are levels lower still where they have not even reached anything so high as a conviction about the merits of solvency. Still there are defects about the money test. A man may have failed in spite of earning a good income, just as he may have greatly succeeded though his income may have always stood at a too modest figure. We do not mean that silly picturesque platitudes that the peasant in his straw-thatched hovel may be happier than the mighty monarch clad in purple and dwelling in marble halls. This is mere nonsense, because the monarch is a great deal more likely to get happiness in spite, or perhaps by reason, of his responsibilities, than the peasant with his mechanical drudgery, dull brain, and slow half-brutish sensibilities. Nobody, except in a fit of spleen, pretends to believe that a peasant is particularly happy. The man is happiest who gets most out of himself on every side of his character, and if he is hard pinched on his back and in his belly he gets nothing out of himself on any side, except possibly a measure of animal fortitude. But without endorsing this Tupperian folly about monarchs and peasants we may easily see that, notwithstanding the good income which satisfies the world at large that he has achieved success, the man himself may be perfectly alive to the fact that he has in reality utterly broken down, and has sold his better self for a mess of pottage. In a fiercely money-getting age there is much more of this remorse than the profane vulgar suppose, or, indeed, are capable of supposing.

Popular applause is another stumbling-block which has tripped up men who, but for that, might have won a success to be valued in their hearts, instead of one which they have to use hard persuasion to make themselves value. An author who sells twenty editions of a worthless book only made to catch the groundlings, or a painter who makes a fortune out of silly pictures which he knows to be silly, or a parson who draws huge congregations by sermons that are not altogether insincere and yet are not sincere—each of them no doubt, in ordinary elated moods, thinks he has not done so ill in the world, but then at bottom he knows that he has done exceedingly ill for himself. Every little stroke of such success is so much added to the weight of regret in the unelated moments. Perhaps in most cases it is the intolerableness of this weight which drives a man who was originally a very small impostor into being eventually a very large and brazen impostor. He is like a drunkard who flies to the bottle to drown the sense of his own ignominy. He requires a dram of the vulgar praise that has undone him in order to make him forget how ignobly he has sold himself. So he gets deeper and deeper into the slough of claptrap in his books or his paintings or his sermons, or in whatever shape it is that he presents the world with the adulterated lees of his mind.

Breakdowns in life, whether of that gross and palpable sort which all the world can behold, or such as are only visible in the light of the man's own conscience, are all the result of some kind of moral worthlessness. Neither untoward circumstances nor the evil behaviour of others can effect the fall of a man with a firmly based character. They may make him halt in his journey, and stumble and grow weary, and this is bad enough. But there is no ruin in it. On the contrary, until years have stolen away his sap and vigour, the feeling of having got well over a nasty place, though the reminiscence is too painful to allow him to congratulate

himself, still inspires him with a sober confidence and a trustworthy self-respect which supports and encourages him in every new venture. People break down because they do not take pains with their character, as they would with their bodies if they were going to fight or to run a race. They seldom keep themselves in moral training. The consequence is that the first blow from the enemy Circumstance, or the first severe spurt in the course, leaves them sprawling and breathless. The man in fine moral condition gets tremendous knocks and bruises like his neighbours, but he is soon healed. Nobody, one may suppose, is in perfect condition, but there is a too plain difference between those who take habitual pains to preserve a healthy balance of character, and those who fritter away their lives in playing shilly-shally with themselves, acting from one set of motives one day and from another set the next, first bringing the body under and then giving way to every appetite, to-day ascetics, and Sybarites to-morrow. The old Roman proverb ran that *nullum inunen abest si sit prudentia*, and it is the absence of the virtue to which they gave the name of prudence that we may best express by worthlessness. Lack of foresight and vigilance, of concentration and self-control, of ability to look for remote ends and to discern sure means, implies that limpness and flaccidity of character which almost ensures a crash at the first obstacle that presents itself. And if there be no crash, there is at best only a feeble hobbling along the path, instead of a vigorous and stalwart stride.

CLAPTRAP MORALITY.

A CLEVER and sensational novelist, in an apologetic statement annexed to his last story, speaks contemptuously of the vague chance that some of the incidents in the tale may be judged by the "claptrap morality" of the day. In contradistinction to the poor verdict of any such unrighteous tribunal, he trusts for the more favourable consideration of that Christian morality which, as he says, is of all time. Claptrap morality, so far as it deserves its name, is obviously a poor sort of thing; and, from the vindictive way in which the able author in question falls foul of it, it apparently labours under the unpardonable misfortune of rendering itself disagreeable to sensational literature. The contempt entertained for it by men of genius would seem to indicate that it does not do them any serious harm, but, if it is always worrying them and barking at their heels, it is natural they should now and then turn upon it and rend it. We are not, indeed, unused to this little warfare between genius and the kind of virtue by which genius is especially irritated and annoyed. The antipathy is as old as the hills, and occasionally genius, and occasionally claptrap morality, gets the upper hand. The encounter of which Lord Byron was at once the hero and the victim is, of course, an instance to the point. Society avenged itself upon Lord Byron and Shelley and Leigh Hunt, while it delighted, and with some reason, to do honour at the very same time to the Lake school of poets. The dislike entertained by true Britons to erratic genius is not unintelligible. The true Briton, though fond of his Sunday church exercise, does not pretend to be a saint, nor is it out of mere sanctimoniousness that he objects to intellectual comets whose moral orbit is less irreproachable than it might be. If they confined themselves to sanding their sugar, or to rigging the market, he would not be such a Pharisee as to throw a stone at them. What he cannot abide is the freakish immorality of young gentlemen who consider it a credit to wear long hair, and who think that, because they write rhymes, they have a vested right to make love to his wife and daughters, and to trifle with his domestic happiness. On such transgressions he has no mercy; and when, in addition to this, it is understood that genius is not always particular about paying its weekly bills, genius at once becomes the *bête noire* of the British father and the British tradesman. Upon the other hand, genius deals out its vengeance with a heavy hand. The manes of Lord Byron ought to have been appeased by the crowd of Byronic poetasters who caricatured his poetry, but successfully reproduced his immoralities and his turned-down collar. Morality came to the front again in the case of the late Mr. Walter Savage Landor, and drove him into an exile not wholly undeserved. Since his departure, sensational romance is restoring the balance of the fight, and in every other fashionable novel that appears the Briton's family castle is sacked and ravaged, and its female inhabitants led captive, by the lawless heroes of the modern school of fiction. And in particular—as if with the express object of avenging Mr. Landor's fate—the youthful poet is at present pertinaciously engaged in tweaking, two or three times a year, morality's very nose.

That hostilities are continually raging between literary genius and a censorious world cannot therefore be denied, and it is not extraordinary that the combatants should be for ever eying one another, and anxious to take advantage of every possible occasion of attack. The epithet "claptrap," as applied to an obnoxious code of morality, is a polite missile or half-brick heaved at imaginary preachers and moralists by their born foes. Though intended principally as a term of general disparagement, it has nevertheless a more special meaning, and signifies that the morality which the world is always casting in the teeth of genius is a Brummagem article after all, which will not stand the wear and tear of time. It is easy to conceive what sort of invective the epithet would amount to if it were to be expanded at full length. The invective would begin by summing up all the meannesses and vices of which an English public was

inclined to be tolerant, and contrasting with the edifying list of all these the little peccadilloes of which it is so impatient. The British public has all its oxen and its herds, and it will not leave genius alone with an occasional ewe lamb. It gets up bubble companies, and swindles widows and orphans, and lies, and cheats, and drinks, and ogles its maid-servants, and yet protests with unction against nude statues and the ballet. It breaks all the commandments in private, but will not allow literary men to describe on paper the breaking of the eighth. It covets everything that belongs to its neighbour, but howls out loudly when a poet or a novelist covets, in rhyme or prose, his neighbour's wife. The one unpardonable sin, in its opinion, is the writing of a poem or a romance which must pass through the chastening hands of Mr. Bowdler before it can be admitted to lie upon a drawing-room table. The invective would conclude with an assertion that people who go in for such principles as these deserve, in the language of Mr. Matthew Arnold, to be set down as mere Philistines. Their morality is not the morality of the world, or of religion, or of the Bible, but the morality of a tradesman's tea-table. Like the ostrich of the story, they plunge their heads into the bush, in order not to see any kind of life that disturbs and annoys them. They have no sympathy either with the intellectual yearnings of that kind of talent whose mission is to paint human nature as it is, nor have they any sympathy with the sentimental expansiveness of the other kind of genius which pants to gratify its young passions, even if it be at other people's expense. And, as we have intimated, it must be confessed that claptrap moralists have no such sympathy. They are all for preserving, not necessarily their own innocence, but at all events the innocence of their domestic hearth, and for punishing and even outlawing those who would lightly tamper with it.

The claim to be permitted to paint life as it is cannot be said to be altogether a candid one. The moral tone of the literature of any particular age is not so much the reflection of the moral tone of society at large, as the result of the moral condition of the imagination of the literary world. Literature, as M. Saint Marc Girardin has pointed out in a clever and instructive essay, cannot be said to be "the expression" of society. There is a continual discord and dissension between the two. At an epoch of social rest and tranquillity, literature is often found to be entirely given up to the portraying, in poetry or in prose, of the most violent passions and excesses. In times of war and disorder, upon the other hand, literature betakes itself no less frequently to idyllic strains of peace and domesticity, and withdraws itself as far as it can from the tumults of the world outside. Thus it is the expression, not of the tendencies and instincts which are recognised by the general public, but of those private tendencies and instincts which are obliged to lie dormant and repressed. Why it is so may be conceived without difficulty. Works of fiction and of poetry are the safety-valves through which a vast volume of morbid passion and sentiment discharges itself, which can find no satisfactory outlet in real life. A man who has plenty of modes of indulging his ideas, or even his moody or visionary fancies, does not take refuge in composing novels. He has work to do in other ways; and when this is done, he has no store of unsatisfied energy left unemployed to ferment within his own bosom. Romance and poetry are a field occupied chiefly by those whose opportunities of action are not proportioned to the feverish activity of their inner selves; and what they cannot perform in the world they perform in print, by the medium of fabulous heroes and impossible or improbable heroines. And there is another important fact that ought not to be forgotten. The imagination of authors is far more impressible and susceptible than the temper and disposition of society, which is governed by fixed habits and customs, and a rigid and traditional code. Every five or ten years, literary imagination undergoes a change, and enters on some new phase. What it busies itself with in 1860 is not what it busies itself with in 1865. Being generally in a state of fever of one description or another, it passes easily from one morbid condition to the next. Literature is often accordingly affected by a novel idea, borrowed perhaps from some one single writer of eminence, or imported, as is continually the case, from the literature of foreign countries. Thus sentimental ideas which have no hold anywhere upon the social habits of mankind may be propagated by a species of contagion from author to author, and run riot all over literary Europe, before they have effected any real and substantial lodgment among a single social class, except perhaps the class of literary recluses. It is not uncommon, in a similar way, to find the drama or romance of one nation impregnated with characteristics and peculiarities singularly unnational. A great deal of the misanthropy of French writing comes perhaps from the sentimental productions, not of France, but of Germany. The French are not naturally sentimental, but some of their literary men and women read *Werther*, and thought that to imitate *Werther* was the sure road to truth and to success. Nor are the French the only imitative nation. Second-rate literature in England is quite as capable of mimicry, and symptoms are not wanting of a disposition to transplant the Parisian flowers of M. Alexandre Dumas the Younger to a London parterre. It is quite true that a change in the moral tone of a nation's literature often leads to a corresponding laxity in social manners; nor could it be otherwise, when we consider the wide circulation and increasing influence which modern ingenuity secures to works of fiction of every degree of merit. But the movement in

literature and the movement in manners are not parallel, nor necessarily at all in proportion with each other. The Arcadian literature of the reign of Queen Elizabeth—to take an obvious illustration—was not a home-grown article, but an importation from the literature of Italy and Spain; and the fashionable fopperies that came into vogue at the time were not the cause of Sydney's *Arcadia*, but its effect. Shakspeare, whose imagination is stronger and healthier, is free from them. His dramatic compositions are remarkably untinted with the shepherdess mania, and the conversation between Corin and Touchstone, in *As You Like It*, is a characteristic passage in which the Arcadian theory of shepherds and shepherdesses is allusively discussed:—

CORIN. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.

The plea that life ought to be painted as it is, is not, accordingly, a satisfactory answer on the part of erratic genius to the criticisms of "claptrap morality." Novelists and poets in highly wrought descriptions seldom paint life as it is, though human life is so multifarious that no fictitious incident can be devised which has not some counterpart in reality. But although they are careful to give every conception the colour of probability, and although they have a right to say that things as strange as those they invent have happened and do happen, their conceptions as a whole are a reflection, not of life, but of their own morbid and ill-regulated imagination. They attribute to society, and attribute to it unjustly, the corruption that really is inherent in their own intelligence and fancy. Moralists have a right to object to this unnecessary propagation of vicious or ugly thoughts. It is bad enough to have sin and frivolity about one in the world, but the principles of literary toleration do not require us to stand by and see novelists and poets peopling the world of imagination, out of mere wantonness and caprice, with a multitude of pernicious ideas. Ugly things have, we may suppose, their own uses in nature. It is different in literature. The end of literature is to create what is beautiful and good, not what is hideous and revolting; and the man who begets murderesses and villains wholesale in a three-volume novel is as completely a literary monster as the man who deliberately created a Frankenstein would be a social pest. Heavy fathers and prudish mothers—the class which we take to be typified under the title of claptrap morality—have therefore something to say for themselves. For though literary immorality does not imply social immorality already pre-existing, it has a tendency to create it. There are times and places at which plain speaking, and even plain narrative, is necessary, and at which it becomes essential that wickedness should be photographed as it is. But poems and three-volume novels stand apart. And accordingly, even if Britons continue to sand their sugar, and to ogle their maid-servants, they are not precluded by these weaknesses from adopting a very humdrum and a very claptrap tone in dealing with the vagaries of the literature of the day.

AN OLD STORY.

THERE is no more convenient way of pointing a moral against the existing generation than to praise the generation which preceded it, and we probably owe the figment of a golden age to Hesiod's desire to say something unpleasant about his contemporaries. We fear, therefore, that the task we have now set ourselves will jar on the prepossessions of those numerous moralists who find in the indelicacy of prevailing customs, whether of dress or demeanour, a fruitful subject for censure. It is usually taken for granted that the women of the present day have lamentably declined from that high standard of female propriety to which the women of some earlier period conformed. We think we are in a position to maintain that, if ever this standard existed at all, it was not in being half a century ago, and that the young ladies who live under Victoria are, to say the least, no worse than those who lived under the virtuous George III. That ideal state of society when every maid was modest and every matron sedate seems to fly as we pursue, and to stand out with continually increasing clearness as "a past that was never present." We have lately come across a little treatise, bearing the date of 1811, which, but for a few differences of detail, might have been written by the same pen from which the readers of the *Morning Post* have derived so much pleasure and profit during the present season. The *Mirror of the Graces* aims at giving useful advice on "dress, accomplishments, politeness, and manners, in accordance with the general principles of nature and rules of propriety." It is the production, as we learn from the title-page, of a "lady of distinction, who has witnessed and attentively studied what is esteemed truly graceful and elegant among the most refined nations of Europe." And the preface further informs us that it was "composed by the desire of some female friends of the author's, who, aware of her consummate knowledge of the world, and experience in all that is honourable in the art of captivation, had applied to her for certain directions on the subject." If so, we fear that the friends in question, though living "in a remote part of the West of England," had already adopted some of the follies of the capital, since a large part of the volume thus originally written for their use is

occupied with warnings against carrying the pursuit of captivation a little beyond "all that is honourable." A sense that the cap fitted them rather too closely for comfort may perhaps have engendered the desire to hand it over to their neighbours; at all events "they instantly formed a wish to make the advice public." How far a larger audience benefited by the mild counsels with which the *Mirror of the Graces* is filled might possibly be tested by a diligent examination of the fashion-books of the period. We do not propose, however, to do more than construct by its aid a picture of the young ladies of that day which may serve as a companion to those which are occasionally drawn of the young ladies of the present day. It is so often asked, in relation to the latter, what would their grandmothers say to them, that it may be well to see, by way of variety, what they will say to their grandmothers.

In one important respect, the fashions of 1811 seem to have been just as much open to criticism as the fashions of 1866. The "lady of distinction" is constantly warning her female readers not to have their dresses made too low, and then, equally as now, the moralist was reduced to strengthen her position by arguments founded on expediency. "Were we," she exclaims, "in a frantic and impious passion, to set virtue aside, policy should direct our damsels to be more sparing of their attractions," since "an unrestrained indulgence of the eye robs imagination of her power, and prevents her consequent influence on the heart." And then, with a frankness which only a female censor could venture on, she points out that there are very few women to whom a costume which errs in this direction is really becoming. "Where the offender is a young and fair girl, the beholder regards the too prodigal exhibition, not as the act of the youthful innocent, but as the effect of accident, or perhaps the designed exposure of some ignorant dresser"; but where the complexion is "brown, dingy, or speckled," and the figure "ordinary or deformed," there is no room for this indulgent estimate. From such a display as this "the man of delicacy and worth turns away in loathing, and with celestial rapture clasps to his warm and noble heart the unsunned bosom of the chaste and vestal unwrapped fair." Can there be imagined a more potent incentive to modesty of apparel than the prospect thus held out to the wearer of being embraced—we presume in public—by "a man of delicacy and worth"? The just mean in this respect is to be arrived at partly by "a candid consideration of her pretensions on these subjects," and partly by a due submission to "the eye of maternal decorum," which will "draw the virgin zone to the limit where modesty should bid it rest." Nor, though crinoline was then unknown, were the young ladies of the period always guiltless of a desire to attract attention to their stockings. Within proper limits, the *Mirror of the Graces* is not opposed to such a practice. "There is," it allows, "no single beauty of the female form which obtains so much admiration as a well-proportioned foot and ankle." And considering how much is implied in any imperfection in this quarter, this can hardly be considered an exaggerated statement. "A heavy leg and foot seems to hint that the whole of the limbs which the drapery conceals are in gravitating proportion with their clumsy foundations." And, worse than this, "where we see ponderosity of body we are apt to conclude that there is equal heaviness in mind and feelings." We cannot wonder therefore that "feet and ankles of delicate symmetry" should give occasion for just pride to their possessors; but even in this case to exhibit them by unusually short petticoats or much ornamented stockings "will attract to the vain coquette contempt instead of admiration." The true rule, arranged to suit the threefold gradation of comparative beauty, is given thus:—"The finest ankles are most effectually shown by wearing a silk stocking without any clock, as the eye then slides easily over the unbroken line and takes in all its beauties." If nature has been less propitious, a little artifice must be resorted to. "When the ankle is rather large, an unobtrusive net clock of the same colour as the stocking will be a useful division, and induce the beholder to believe the perfect symmetry of the parts." Unhappily, however, there will still be instances in which all the efforts of art are useless, and nothing then remains but a decorous submission to inexorable fate. "A very thick leg cannot be disguised or amended; and in this case I can only recommend absolute neatness in the dressing of the limb, and petticoats so long that there is hardly a chance of its ever being seen."

Hitherto we have seen a noticeable resemblance between the criticism of half a century back and that with which we are ourselves acquainted. There is another characteristic, however, of female dress in 1811 which has fortunately no counterpart at present. Upon no point does the "lady of distinction" soar to so high a pitch of eloquence as when she moralizes on the extreme scantiness of drapery which was then fashionable. While, in happy ignorance of a distant future, she rejoices that "the hoop and quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works of nature," she proclaims with unbending sternness that "modesty on one hand and health on the other still maintain the law of fold on fold," and that "the single garment, as the texture now usually is, is not a meet covering for a Christian damsel." The details into which she goes to establish the necessity of this warning are so minute as to make it difficult for what she would probably call "the modest muse" to follow her, and we are consequently reduced to take refuge under the authority of a quotation. "Some of our fair dames appear with no other shelter than one single garment of muslin or silk over their chemise—if they wear one! but that

is often dubious." Directly after, however, we learn that even this is understating the case, and that, instead of the presence of the garment in question being "dubious," its omission is "most generally practised"; and then, no longer attempting to conceal the terrible fact, the author adds:—"The chemise, now too frequently banished, ought to be held as sacred by the modest fair as the vestal veil. No fashion should be able to strip her of that decent covering; in short, woman should consider it as the sign of her delicacy, as the pledge of honour to shield her from unhalloved eyes." And while modesty demands, as the very smallest concession she can put up with, the invariable wearing of at least two garments, our author herself urges her "fair reader" to go to an extreme beyond even this, and to "wear under her gown a light cotton petticoat," in the assurance that "no true friend or lover will wish her to discover to the eye more of the form divine than can be indistinctly descried through the mysterious involvements of at least three successive folds of drapery."

If we turn from dress to manners, we seem once more to find ourselves on familiar ground. "The maidenly coldness which used to distinguish the women of England has given way to an unblushing impudence." "Our Virginias" are no longer "modest, abashed, retiring, blushing girls"; they are rather "actresses who rush upon the stage half naked, dancing, rolling their eyes as if intoxicated, and flirting with every officer of the praetorian guard who crosses their path." In 1811, too, as now, we find the most bitter complaints of "the extreme familiarity between the sexes." The "respectful bow, the look of polite attention with which a gentleman ought to approach a lady," have vanished. "He runs up to her, seizes her by the hand, shakes it roughly, asks a few questions, and flies off again before she can make a reply." The only cure that can be recommended for this evil is for a lady "to treat the coxcombs with the contempt they deserve." Any attempt to take her hand should be met "with an air so declarative of displeasure" as to ensure her against a repetition of the offence. "A touch, a pressure of the hand are the only external signs of particular regard that a woman can give, and to lavish this valuable power of expression upon all comers is an indelicate extravagance." Still more to be reprehended is "that indiscriminate facility which some young women have in permitting what they call a good-natured kiss." In illustration of this last warning, a thrilling story is told which we regret that space forbids our quoting at full length. "Count M., one of the handsomest young men in Vienna," was engaged to a girl "of almost peerless beauty and of high rank." The Count was of so refined a mind and such delicate sensibility that whenever he approached his mistress, "a fire shot through his veins that warned him not to invade the vermilion sanctuary of her lips." It happened one night that "a party of young people were met at his intended father-in-law's," to which, by way of making things pleasant to everybody, were invited "several of the young lady's rejected suitors." Everything went on with the greatest merriment until, in the course of a game of forfeits, "the Count was commanded by some witty mademoiselle to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride." The Count was at first not equal to the occasion—"he blushed, trembled, advanced, retreated, advanced again." At length, however, he summoned the needful courage; "with a tremor that shook every fibre in his frame, with a modest grace he put the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed pledge in evident confusion." If matters had stopped here, all would have been well. But unhappily one of the rejected suitors "was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits (as his last treat before he hanged himself, she said) to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows." As to what followed, it is enough to say that "the Count had the mortification, the agony to see the lips which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised." "By that good-natured kiss the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover; the Count never saw her more."

We discern another point of resemblance between the two eras in the complaint made then, apparently as now, of the difficulty of getting men to dance. "In days of yore, kings, heroes, and un-bearded youth alike mingled in the graceful exercise, but now 'where is the merry dance, the mirth-awakening viol?'" Even the example of royalty seems to have been powerless. "In vain our princes lead forth the fairest ladies in the land; our noble youth, smit with a love of grave folly, abandon the ball for the gaming-table." To some extent, however, this unworthy retreat may have been caused by the severity of the exercise apparently demanded from them by their partners. "When a young lady rises to dance we no longer see the graceful easy step of the gentlewoman, but the laboured and often indelicate exhibitions of the posture mistress. The chaste minuet is banished, dances from ballets are introduced, and in place of dignity and grace we behold strange wheelings on one leg, stretching out the other till our eye meets the garter, and a variety of endless contortions only fit for the zenana of an Eastern satrap." It seems not unnatural that in such an exhibition as this men should have preferred the part of spectator to that of actor. Two points remain in which the position of women has materially changed for the better since the time of which we are writing. A breakfast of "hot bread and butter" was then "succeeded by a long and exhausting fast until six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up, and the half-famished beauty sits down to sate her

appetite." What could a woman's life have been without lunch and without afternoon tea? The other improvement refers to cleanliness. "The generality of English ladies seem to be ignorant of the use of any bath larger than a wash-hand basin." After all, the world does advance a little, and it is something that women have learned to eat in the middle of the day and to wash when they get up. We have made some progress since 1811.

THE CHOLERA.

THE medical history of the present summer will afford pretty conclusive evidence how far the sanitary condition of England has improved since 1854. The cholera is once more among us, and in the week ending last Saturday there were 346 deaths in London from this cause alone. If the long interval of exemption which this country has enjoyed had been turned to proper account, there would be but little fear of the present epidemic being either protracted or severe. Little as we know of the nature of cholera, or of the mode of its propagation, it is established almost beyond question that it requires, in order to effect a lodgment, the presence of certain favourable conditions of air and water. When the entrance is once gained, it is no longer subject to these restrictions. It seizes with an impartial hand the rich man in his drawing-room and the poor man in his cottage. But it may be kept out altogether when there is no enemy in the camp. If the arrangements of our houses and the habits of the dwellers in them were what they ought to be, the chances are that England might secure something like immunity from this particular epidemic. It unfortunately happens, however, that when the public health is satisfactory, sanitary reform is naturally rather a dull subject, and sanitary reformers run the risk of being voted at least equal nuisances with the abuses which they wish to get removed. The actual approach of disease is the only stimulus that the local authorities seem, as a rule, to recognise; and we fear that the summer of 1866 finds us with too many things undone the importance of which was fully admitted in the summer of 1854. It may perhaps quicken the energies of the officials in question to remember that the general experience of the intervening years has not tended to enhance their popularity, or to make the public at large more unwilling to see the powers of the central executive strengthened at their expense. We have been told so often that this or that institution is "on its trial" that the force of the warning is by this time pretty nearly spent; but a season of pestilence is about the rudest test to which our municipal and parochial organization can well be exposed, and we counsel those interested in its maintenance to be on their guard against any conspicuous shortcomings at the present juncture. Should there be such, we question whether, before the necessity again returns, the authority to deal with it will not have passed into other hands. No doubt, however, the possession of responsibility does often give birth to a real desire to discharge it faithfully, and we sincerely hope that this may be the case now. As to the possession of the responsibility, at any rate, there is no doubt whatever. So far as regards the removal of nuisances, the power of life and death is absolutely vested in the local authorities, "over whom," says Mr. Simon, in the admirable memorandum he has just issued, "neither the Privy Council nor any other department of Her Majesty's Government is empowered to exercise control." If, therefore, the local authorities fail in their duty, it is of no use to make complaints to any Government office in the hope of obtaining redress. Such a course "cannot lead to coercive interference, and may involve loss of valuable time." Under such circumstances, the only remedy is to be sought in the substitution of voluntary for official action. Our local masters are, after all, members of an elective body, and they may perhaps be found amenable to the remonstrances of influential constituents. If they are unapproachable in this way, they may be shamed into doing their duty by having the work taken out of their hands; and there is fortunately much that may be done, as effectively though not as legally, by a voluntary committee as by a parish vestry. If the latter body should prove obstructive as well as indolent, it must be left to the public opinion of the neighbourhood to devise the best method of making its power felt, and in this case even a slight application of Lynch law might not be wholly out of place. The water of the notorious Broad Street pump, for example, might be used in worse ways than as a douche bath for those supine officials who have once more re-established it as a centre of public poisoning.

Cases, however, of culpable inaction or resistance on the part of the authorities charged with the removal of nuisances will, we may hope, be rare; and enough is now known of the nature of choleraic contagion to enable any local body which is willing to work to do so with better effect than on any previous outbreak of the disease. How many causes of cholera there may be in existence science is not in a position to determine; but there is one cause the presence of which seems to be almost certain to generate the evil, although its absence affords no guarantee of exemption from it. The principal seat of the poison is in the discharges of the patient. The two principal channels through which this peculiar kind of contagion acts are air and water; and if the discharges are disposed of in such a way as to impregnate either of these agents, there seems scarcely any limit to the extent to which even a single case of cholera may infect a whole neighbourhood. The most obvious way in which this can be done is by accumulations of filth of any kind to which house refuse can find access, since

even a small quantity of choleraic discharge has the power of infecting with its own poison any more innocent filth with which it may mingle. For the same reason, any defects of drainage by which offensive smells are let into houses become, in time of cholera, not merely predisposing causes of disease, but actual distributors of contagion. Nor does the mischief stop with the discharges themselves. It affects with equal virulence everything in the nature of bedding, clothing, towels, and the like which they have touched, so that the dirty linen of a single house in which there is a cholera patient may spread the disease over the whole district to which it is sent to be washed. Water, however, possesses, under certain circumstances, a far more unlimited capacity of mischief than air. A very small leakage from drains or cesspools into wells or rivers, whether directly or through the medium of porous soil, will infect very large quantities of water; and it has been shown in repeated instances that there is nothing that conveys the disease so rapidly and so surely as infected drinking water. Fortunately in London many of the surface-wells, which were often in almost direct communication with cesspools, have of late years been closed, and we may hope to witness the good consequences of this reform in the diminished violence of the present outbreak as compared with its predecessors. We should be more comfortable, however, in this respect, if Dr. Acland, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Dr. Daubeny had not concurred in stating, when examined before the Pollution of Rivers Commission, that it is quite impossible to say how far water once charged with sewage matter may have to flow before becoming pure again. Certainly, they say, the distance from Oxford to Teddington supplies no assurance on this point; so that, as Oxford and Reading both drain into the Thames, it is at least possible that an outbreak of cholera in either of those towns may poison the whole water-supply of London. One more fact remains to be stated in connection with the subject of infection. In this country cholera is frequently preceded by "premonitory diarrhoea"; and not only is this, even "when originally independent of the epidemic influence, of all known personal conditions, the one on which the cholera infection can most easily fix itself," but it seems also that the discharges from a patient in this condition may have the same poisonous influence upon others as those of patients actually suffering under cholera itself.

Here then are the enemies with which we have to struggle, and to help us in the contest we have two friendly circumstances. One is that, even where the poison is actually present, it requires for its full development the concurrence of favourable local conditions. "The choleraic infection," says Mr. Simon, "does not seem able largely to injure any population unless a filthy state of things be presupposed." The other is, that even the discharges themselves do not "acquire their maximum of infective power" until they begin to decompose. All the efforts, therefore, of the local authorities, and of their voluntary allies, should be directed to three things. First, to removing all predisposing conditions of disease, whether in the shape of bad drainage, accumulation of filth, or, worst of all, of impure drinking water. Secondly, to seeing, by house to house visitation, that no cases of diarrhoea are suffered to go unattended to, and thus to grow into cases of actual cholera. Thirdly, to taking care that whenever the disease has manifested itself, even in its slightest forms, all the discharges of the patient, and every article with which they come in contact, are at once disinfected. It is not enough to throw them immediately away, or, in the case of linen, to have them immediately washed. We cannot tell that the drainage is perfect anywhere, and we do not know that simple washing will remove the infection. But we do know that by the immediate addition of disinfectants the danger may be reduced to the lowest point. If these three things are thoroughly looked after—the removal of predisposing conditions, the earliest medical treatment of premonitory symptoms, and the immediate disinfecting, of the discharges themselves, of everything which they have touched, and of every place where they may be thrown—we may at least feel satisfied that we have done all that is in our power to meet and to repel the attack.

It is one happy characteristic of cholera that it demands from individuals no recourse to elaborate precautions or selfish isolation. In furthering to the utmost of his opportunities the various measures of purification of which we have been speaking, each man may feel assured that he has been doing the best he can for the preservation of his own health. No epidemic gives less excuse for any unmanly or excessive fear, since none seems to involve less of danger to those whose duties are such as to bring them into immediate contact with the sick. It is extremely doubtful whether cholera is at all contagious in the ordinary meaning of the term; whether, that is to say, it is ever communicated by the mere neighbourhood of the diseased person, where there has not, at the same time, been some neglect or carelessness in the proper disinfecting of the discharges. And the poison is so subtle in its nature, and so capable of extensive and unperceived diffusion, that the man who refuses to take his part in the preventive and remedial agencies which are set on foot around him may easily fall a victim to the neglect of some simple precaution of which, if he had run the risk of enforcing it upon his neighbours, he would himself have reaped the benefit. Nor is there, again, the slightest necessity for any of those exaggerated departures from the ordinary mode of life, the very practice of which has its terrors for unaccustomed minds. The one golden rule for a season of cholera is to live moderately, and to live naturally. The notion of the necessary unwholesomeness of particular classes of food, which

prevailed in 1832 and partially in 1849, is now entirely exploded. All that need be prescribed to persons in ordinary health is, to abstain from any particular article of diet that they know by experience to be injurious to them, and from every article of food whatsoever that is in a state of fermentation or decay. This latter restriction may perhaps interfere somewhat with the consumption of a few fruits or vegetables with which the London market is supplied from a distance; but it does not at all exclude the reasonable use of all those for the freshness of which, since they cannot be kept without injury, the taste affords a sufficient warrant. Live as temperately, and at the same time as well, as you can. Send for a doctor on the first appearance of diarrhoea, however trivial. Avoid all pretended preservatives, and, except under medical advice, all drugs of any kind. This is the best code of personal treatment which can be laid down for the present summer.

THE RIGHT OF PUBLIC MEETING.

THE Right of Public Meeting is founded on the Right of the subject to Petition. Now, what is the Right of Petition? If the frequent iteration of a phrase in any degree indicated a knowledge of its meaning, no words should be better understood than these. Certainly no words have been more in people's mouths during the past week, and common politeness teaches us to give our neighbours credit for not talking of things which they do not understand. According to the interpretation put upon the phrase by those earnest Reformers who break windows and pelt policemen, and by some who should know better, as Messrs. Layard and Ayrton, the popular notion seems to be that people have an indefeasible right to muster in any numbers they can get together, in any place they choose to select, with any form of demonstration they choose to assume, for the purpose of passing resolutions, or framing or proposing what they call a petition. That some mysterious communication may have revealed to Messrs. Ayrton, Beales, and Howell the intentions of the English law on this subject, is, in these days of spiritual manifestations, not absolutely impossible. If so, we await patiently the exposition of the oracle. We have only to say that such an interpretation as theirs differs entirely from anything either laid down by English judges or embodied in English statutes. The right of petition is what it professes to be—a right, not a tort. It is not, by implication, intended or even allowed to be an injury or a detriment to others. So far from this, it is, by the very voice and force of law, expressly prohibited and prevented from causing either public or private annoyance. The Bill of Rights expressly avers the right of the subject to petition the Crown; but, while it does this, it leaves wholly untouched the Act (13th of Charles II.) which forbids any one to procure the consent of more than twenty persons to any petition for a change in Church or State without the previous order of three justices, or the majority of the grand jury. Those who framed the Declaration of Rights, and drew up the Bill of Rights, were neither ignorant nor careless persons. They perfectly well knew what they were doing—what they were changing, and what they left unchanged. When, therefore, they left the statute of Charles II. unrepealed, they may naturally be presumed to have acted with a purpose; and their purpose may not unreasonably be supposed to have been the same that inspired the framers of the earlier statute—namely, a desire to avoid the repetition of those tumultuous assemblages which had caused such alarm in 1641. The Act which the statesmen of the Revolution left untouched remains unrepealed to this day. To say that it has fallen into disuse is immaterial. It was enforced against Lord George Gordon; it has not been enforced of late years; but it is the law, and received the approval of men who held the right of petition sacred. So far as it goes, it is dead against the popular theory of the right of petition now asserted. When good, reasonable, and law-abiding folks therefore complain that the Government, or “the ruling classes,” or the Ministry are denying to Englishmen their constitutional birthright, it may be just as well to remind them what they are claiming as a right is the right to do a thing actually forbidden by law.

But, putting aside the consideration of a statute which may be admitted to be obsolete, those who claim the right to select any place whatever as the scene of their gatherings have to reconcile their claim with a law older than any statute—the law of private property. The Bill which concedes to the public the right of petitioning the Crown or the Parliament does not make any provision for the mode or place in which they are to meet for the purpose of petitioning. It leaves the whole law of trespass untouched. It gives them no authority to take any house, any hall, any open space of any kind. It gives them no power to interfere with the property of any individual or of any Corporation. If they wish to occupy a town-hall or a shire-hall, they must obtain the permission of the mayor or the sheriff. If they wish to occupy a Corn Exchange or a Stock Exchange, they can only occupy it with the consent of those in whom the possession of either of these buildings is vested. If they prefer a wooded glade or pastoral vale, they must apply to its owner for the use of it. The mere right to meet or to petition does not sanction their occupation of Knowle, or Blenheim, or Cashiobury, without the assent of the proprietors. Neither does it authorize the occupation of Windsor or Richmond Parks without the permission of the Crown. But the Crown is just as much the owner of Hyde Park as it is of Richmond or

Windsor. Much nonsense has been talked about Hyde Park being public property, and therefore subject to all kinds of public uses, because it is kept up at the public expense. It might just as reasonably be contended that Windsor Castle is public property, and that Mr. Beales or Mr. Potter might invite any number of Unionists to dinner in St. George's Hall, because they contribute an imperceptible fraction of the taxes by which the residence of the Sovereign is maintained. If one thing is historically clear, it is that the possession of Hyde Park belongs to the Crown. From the day on which it ceased to belong to the Church, it became the domain of the Crown. Nothing done since the days of Henry VIII. has affected the inheritance of any of his successors or the quality of their title. The rights of the public to the enjoyment of the Park are rights solely derived from the grace and favour of succeeding monarchs. The statute which prevents the alienation of all Crown lands has prevented the alienation of this; the legal maxim, which is as old as the English law, *Nullum tempus occurrit Regi*, has fulfilled its purpose of preventing the loss of this and all other Royal domains through public user or public encroachment. Other corporations which allow the public the temporary enjoyment of their possessions are obliged to assert their possessory right by a periodical act of exclusion. The Benchers of the Temple and the other Inns of Court shut their gates one day in every year, in order that the public user during the other 364 days may not bar their right. The Crown does not resort to a similar course, because the legal maxim we have quoted has been held by lawyers of all ages to render such a course quite unnecessary. Nor have there been wanting sufficient signs of the Crown's undiminished powers and wakeful vigilance in exercising its rights. We have now memorials of Hyde Park running over a period of two hundred years. During that time the Crown has made regulations, and modified them again and again, for the government of the Park. It has permitted horse-racing there, and forbidden it; it has permitted foot-races, and forbidden them; it has sanctioned the entry of hackney-coaches, and again it has withdrawn its sanction. It has left the Park at one time like an open common; at another time it has enclosed it with a wall; at a later time it has destroyed this wall and substituted an iron railing. It has prevented preaching there, it has prevented cricket, it has prevented pitch and toss; it shuts the gates at certain hours, varying according to the season; it excludes certain vehicles, and prescribes conditions of entrance to others; in a word, it has exercised, without question or cavil, every act of proprietary authority. It is late indeed in the day to come and say that the Crown has no right to refuse the use of the Park to a miscellaneous mob of agitators for Reform.

Were it not that loud professions of public enlightenment are quite compatible with gross public ignorance, we could hardly believe it possible that the result of the disturbances in 1855, and the opinion then pronounced by the leading lawyers of the day, were unknown. Probably the motley crowds that glorified Reform by impeding the traffic of the streets on Monday and Tuesday nights were as ignorant of this as they would have been indifferent to it if they had known it. But their leaders cannot plead the same ignorance. They must have known that they had no more right to assemble in Hyde Park than in Belvoir Park. And they must have known equally well that the prohibition to meet was dictated fully as much by regard for public order and public convenience as by respect for the rights of the Crown. To suppose that all the roughs and rowdies of London could march through the streets along with a procession of true Reformers without endangering the public peace is an idea of too charming a simplicity to have won their belief. The fact is, the “meeting for discussion” was a pretext; the demonstration was intended to be a menace; the working-men had received orders to “come in their thousands,” for the avowed object of terrifying and bullying their supposed enemies. It was too much to expect that the Queen's Ministers were to connive at a grand breach of the peace by providing the mob with a convenient rendezvous. Nor was there any hardship in refusing them the use of the Royal Park. There are other public places where no objection would have been made to the proposed meeting, and which would have been far better suited to its ostensible object. For instance, where could the platitudes of Mr. Beales and the tirades of artisan Gracchi find more congenial applause than among the shrubberies of Victoria and Battersea Parks, or the suburban breezes of Primrose Hill? True, in these less-famed localities there would be no room for the rhetoric which is suggested by the presence of powdered footmen and palatial mansions. A tirade against the bloated aristocracy falls tame and lifeless on the ear in the neighbourhood of one-storied tenements and penny steamers; but it sounds bold and spirited within view of Apsley House and Grosvenor Gate. Many of the roughs whose democratic fervour has won for them the martyrdom of the police calls are doubtless well used to knock down policemen; but it is a grander thing to throw a brickbat at a constable doing his duty in defence of Hyde Park than to gouge him while taking a burglar through the winding alleys of Clerkenwell. The leaders, in deciding to meet at Hyde Park, had an eye to business. They knew the proceeding was illegal in itself, and was likely to be the source of further lawlessness. This gave to the project a piquancy without which it might have been difficult to get together the requisite number of working-men, and impossible to collect any “roughs.” But ought the authorities to have given weight to these considerations?

When we speak of the leaders, we do not refer merely to Messrs.

Beales, Howell, and such men. Their motives or objects are a matter of utter indifference to the public. Sooner or later they will doubtless share the fate of all those whom the mob tolerates for a time, only to discard when it no longer cares to use them. They are only partially responsible for that scandalous anarchy which for three successive nights has made London the pity and wonder of civilized Europe. When we think of those who, in a time of national peace and unequalled prosperity, have marred the fairest portion of our metropolis with the ugly scars of a shameful strife, the humiliation which the thought inspires turns to indignant resentment against the man whose counsels have animated the instruments of havoc and confusion. Mr. Bright has now placed himself in a position which those who most dislike him have long desired to see him take. His feelings towards the Government of his country and its institutions have long been known. That he should profit by every occasion to turn the hearts of the poor against the rich, and of the governed against authority, was only what might be expected. But that he should twice advise (from a safe distance) a course of proceeding obviously calculated to bring about a conflict, and perhaps bloodshed, is what his worst enemies could hardly have looked for from a man who might be presumed to set some value on the esteem of his countrymen. We have at times compared Mr. Bright to O'Connell. The comparison is, however, scarcely just to the memory of the Irish demagogue. O'Connell dreaded bloodshed. If he found that he had been urging his followers too strongly beyond the limits of peaceful agitation, he drew back before it was too late. He never gave them advice which could bring them into direct collision with the strength of the Executive Government, and he discouraged those impatient rivals whose indiscreet ardour brooked no compromise or delay. Mr. Bright has taught his followers deliberately to risk a conflict the issue of which might have involved the most tremendous consequences. Thanks to the forbearance of the Government and the temper of the police, those consequences have not yet ensued. Their absence has, however, been purchased at a price which cannot easily be estimated. A blow has been struck, not only at the exercise but even at the principle of authority in England, which cannot but shake, for the time, her influence in every nation of Europe. For the past week London has virtually been in the hands of the dregs of its population. There is no other capital in which a similar riot, under similar circumstances, would not have been suppressed at once. The reasons which have prevented its suppression here will either be not considered, or will be wrongly considered, by foreign critics. The fact will remain, and will be regarded as proving that boasting, wealthy, powerful England is smitten with paralysis at the heart. A country which cannot control the fermenting scum of its city Arabs, what power can it have in the councils of Europe, or the politics of the world? Such will be the argument now put into the mouth of every Continental statesman. That it may, at no distant day, be rebutted, is not impossible. Indeed, the impatience of every class of the community at the degradation of which all are conscious must ere long rouse all in a general effort to rid themselves of the reproach. But, meanwhile, who shall measure the loss of character and position which the continuance of this reproach imposes on us? If Mr. Bright has failed in many of his schemes, he has at last succeeded in one—that of lowering his country in the eyes of the world, and introducing the principle of anarchy into the citadel of the Constitution. We hesitate to associate another name with that of Mr. Bright in this abuse of Tribunean powers. We are unwilling to believe that the honours which the rabble has thrust on Mr. Gladstone indicate more than a vague hope that he will throw the ægis of his character over acts which in his heart he must detest. At present, Mr. Gladstone's silence is more than unbecoming; it is ignoble.

It may be admitted that it is desirable that the question, not of the right of petition (for about this there can be no doubt), but of the mode and time of exercising it, should receive a judicial solution in a court of law. Not that we have any doubts about it; but so much nonsense has been talked about it by the Ayrtons, Layards, and others, that plain people are bamboozled. This question, however, subsides into a secondary place now. The paramount question for the Government and for every respectable man is, How is the present disgraceful state of things to be terminated, and its recurrence prevented? If we fail in settling this, Parliament must cease to sit, and the Sovereign to reside, in London.

LORD CRANBORNE AND INDIA.

IT is fortunate for India that the marked success of Lord Cranborne's first official appearance should have been achieved while his appointment was still recent. The success will obtain for the Conservative party a more general recognition of the credit to which the appointment fairly entitles them than the public, in its indifference to Indian concerns, was at first inclined to bestow. It is obviously a grave evil that India should be sacrificed to party exigencies, and yet the temptation so to sacrifice her is one which a new Premier must find it hard to resist. It may be no joke to consign the destinies of our greatest dependency to the all but absolute control of a second-rate politician; but then, on the other hand, it is no joke to put a really able supporter into a place which, for ordinary party purposes, shelves him almost as effectually as if he had been sent to Calcutta. A Premier called on to select a Secretary of State for India must

feel very much like the gentleman in *Punch* who wanted to know the smallest sum he could give the waiter without being considered mean. If philanthropy demands a statesman, party no less demands that it should be the smallest statesman possible under the circumstances; and when party and philanthropy have to make a compromise, everybody knows which is likely to get the lion's share. This tendency to reduce the standard of Indian statesmanship is manifestly dangerous, and yet our constituencies care so little for Indian affairs that the danger is one of which a Ministry which merely studies its own convenience can afford to make light, and which is therefore very apt to be overlooked. The Liberals, for instance, risked little in public estimation by the appointment of Lord De Grey, and yet they were establishing a perilous precedent. They seem to have thought that his coronet would save them from being considered mean. Between a small statesman with a coronet and a small statesman without, there is no doubt something of the difference that exists between a threepenny-bit and three pence. People give the former where they would hesitate to give the latter; and just as it is perhaps soothing to a waiter's self-respect to feel that he is regarded as a man above coppers, so it may be gratifying to India to feel that she is considered too important to be offered a small commoner. But, vanity apart, a threepenny-bit and three coppers are, for the substantial purposes of life, essentially the same; they represent precisely the same quantity of bitter beer. An Indian Secretary may not be, like beauty when unadorned, adorned the most; but still he is wanted, not for ornament, but for use. It is greatly to the credit of the Conservatives that, at a critical juncture, just when they were suddenly called on to face the unfamiliar cares of office in the teeth of a majority, they made not merely a better appointment for India than the Liberals made in the hour of security and strength, but one, moreover, which involved no slight sacrifice of party considerations. Lord Cranborne's indefatigable industry, acquisitive power, and debating ability make him a most valuable ally in close Parliamentary combat, and yet from all ordinary party conflict he is by his present position completely removed.

Nor would it be fair to Lord Cranborne to forget that the sacrifice is no less his own than that of his party. The Secretaryship for India may be a prize to a second-rate politician or ornamental peer; nor is it by any means a contemptible berth for a veteran tired of party strife, but with plenty of work still left in him, to fall back upon. But to a rising statesman who has made his mark in the House of Commons, and who has a political future before him, it must be no slight sacrifice to have suddenly to turn aside from questions in which he takes a warm interest, and in the discussion of which he is eminently qualified to excel, and to spend the best hours of his life in mastering questions which, from a merely personal point of view, have neither interest nor use. Indian topics are pre-eminently dull to any man who has not been caught young and trained into an appreciation of them; nor have they the merit, possessed by many other dull topics, of being likely to prove useful in Parliamentary war. However, Lord Cranborne is not a man to shirk work because it is unfamiliar or unpalatable; and his masterly exposition of Indian finance showed with what promptness and vigour he has thrown himself into his new duties. The novelty and singularity of his position gave for once to an Indian Budget the charm of interest, as even that sturdiest of grumblers, Mr. Smollett, confessed. There was considerable curiosity to see how the new Secretary of State for India would acquit himself on his first field-day after a fortnight in office; and his speech called forth a more animated and instructive discussion upon Indian affairs than the House has witnessed for some years. But, as might have been expected, independently of the personal and accidental interest which thus attached to the Budget, it did not contain much to challenge criticism or attention. In the first place, there was little of importance to communicate, and even this little had not the charm of novelty, having necessarily been anticipated in the recent statement of Mr. Massey. The only important point on which the public could expect information was the light in which the principal problems of Indian policy would appear to the new Secretary. His position enables him, and his character prompts him, to give full effect to whatever views he may himself entertain, and not merely to content himself with standing godfather to the projects of more experienced subordinates. Hence his profession of policy acquired a special interest, and it is gratifying to find it on the whole so satisfactory.

To the leading article of his creed, that it is our chief duty to push on public works, few who understand the present position and requirements of India will refuse their most cordial assent. We have ourselves so often urged the paramount importance of this policy that we are delighted to find it occupying the foremost place in Lord Cranborne's programme. It would be difficult to exaggerate the advantages that must accrue to our whole Indian Empire, first in its financial, and then, as a natural consequence, in its political and moral relations, from the vigorous and wholesale prosecution of reproductive works; and since these works cannot be efficiently carried on out of the revenue alone, let us, by all means, have recourse to private enterprise or loans. We believe that there is ample scope for both, considering the vast area which India presents for remunerative works, whether in the form of irrigation, railways, or roads. The success which has attended the railways is perhaps the most gratifying feature in Lord Cranborne's Budget. Three or four years ago, the guaranteed interest which Government had to pay was not far short of

two millions, and now it is little more than a fourth of this sum. Success so rapid fully justifies the expectation that the railways will very shortly cease to cost the country anything, and will even make up what they have already lost; for it must be remembered that the main trunk lines have to be brought into connection before we can hope to realize the splendid and imperial results anticipated for the Indian railways by their great projector. Critics of the present day would do well to remember the vast debt of gratitude which, if only on this one account, India owes to Lord Dalhousie, instead of dwelling exclusively upon the assailable features of his administration, and treating his reputation as if it rested on no other basis than the now unpopular policy of annexation. Fully, however, as we appreciate the importance of pushing railways, we are sorry to find a man whose opinion on Indian matters carries so much weight as does that of Mr. Laing recommending railways merely on the ground of their value for political and military purposes. This additional ground of recommendation is not only superfluous, but is even dangerous, for more reasons than one. It is superfluous, for, as we have seen, railways may fairly and safely be left to the test of their financial results; and it is dangerous, inasmuch as, by claiming for railways too much importance, it creates, by a natural reaction, the disposition to assign them too little. Those who disprove the military importance of railways fancy that they have disproved their importance in other respects, and it is not difficult to maintain that in India railways are worth comparatively little from the military point of view. Mr. Laing says that "a line of railway between Peshawur and Lahore might at some time be of as much importance to us as one to Sebastopol would have been to Russia during the Crimean war." This would, no doubt, be true if we had only a foreign foe to deal with; but in India we have very little reason to fear aggression from without, unless it be accompanied by disturbance within, and in this case any long line of railway could speedily be rendered useless for military purposes. But a still greater danger lurks under Mr. Laing's military view of railways. If it be admitted that Indian railways can be relied on at a crisis for the movements of troops, the obvious inference is that, when the trunk lines are completed, we shall be justified in withdrawing from the country a large portion of our European force, since rapid transport will then enable one regiment to do the work now done by three. This inference will be all the more readily drawn, because the difficulty of maintaining our European force at its present standard is becoming every day more and more obvious. Our large army is, in fact, the weak point of our Indian administration. On moral grounds alone it is not pleasant to be obliged to rule by the sword a country to which we honestly wish well and which we are doing our utmost to improve. It is a trifle too suggestive of Voltaire's "*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue.*" Nevertheless, difficult as it may be to maintain our present army in India, we think there can be no doubt that it would be at the present time, and will be for some time to come, dangerous to diminish it even slightly, and madness to diminish it materially. Our only excuse for doing so will be dire necessity; and should that necessity arrive, it will be better to look it boldly in the face than hug the dangerous delusion that our army is trebled by lines of railway which could be torn up in the first ten hours of a mutiny.

The dilemma is not a pleasant one, and we can easily understand Lord Cranborne's anxiety to impress upon the princes and peoples of India his earnest wish to pursue a policy of peace, and to renounce all schemes of conquest and aggression. In his speech at Stamford his only reference to Indian topics was a vigorous repudiation of the policy of annexation, and in his Budget speech he again repeated the same sentiment in no less emphatic terms. Now, without entering into the general merits or demerits of the policy of annexation, which is far too important a subject to be disposed of at the end of an article, it is obvious that it cannot but have a very disquieting effect on the native princes, unless, indeed, they have an eel-like partiality for being skinned. And it so happens that the annexation of Mysore, contemplated by the late Government, has, with or without just grounds, been causing them great uneasiness. Under these circumstances, the new Secretary's profession of the policy which he believes it to be our duty and interest to pursue in India is indeed weighty and well-timed, and will have a most reassuring effect upon the native mind. Whether it be or be not the best policy, may be matter for discussion; but even those who differ from Lord Cranborne must admit that, since it happens to be the policy which he holds and intends to pursue, he has acted very wisely in taking the earliest opportunity of avowing it.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY SITE.

WHY is it that the fates conspire against our public buildings? Why is it that, with such a perverse ingenuity in infelicity, we are always doing the right thing in the wrong way, or putting the right thing in the wrong place, or contriving, by the most careful adaptation of blundering means to unsuccessful ends, to make such a mess of official art, and especially of architecture, and indeed of all art which the nation orders and pays for? It is perfectly useless, as well as disheartening, to count up all the instances which prove the existence and pertinacity of this great principle and accepted rule. It is the only thoroughly British institution which never fails. There is this recent matter of the National Gallery and the Royal Academy. Not only has it all been written about, and talked

about, and reported upon, and commissioned about, and settled, till one would think there was no more possibility of getting the matter into a tangle than of raising a doubt about the multiplication-table, but the thing itself, from first to last, was simplicity itself. It is possible that its very simplicity was its ruin. If we have no difficulty we like to make one. In public matters it will not do to have things too plain, too clear, too self-evident. The official mind loves and will have a complication. If there is absolutely nothing to be said on a matter, a blunder must be got up. This is why the whole Picture Gallery site has been irredeemably and finally muddled. Unfortunately there was nothing to go wrong about in the matter, so it has gone wrong, and with such a refined and elaborate arrangement of failure that the case is quite a study. Here is the outline of it, though it has been told a hundred times. There happen to be two public institutions, in which the public is very much interested—namely, the National Gallery and the Royal Academy. Each of them wants a new home; for each of them a capital site is ready. There is Trafalgar Square and there is Burlington House, each and either quite ready for a tenant. The money is ready for the new house, or rather for the two new houses. On the one side is Trafalgar Square; finest site in Europe; Wilkins's discreditable building; pepper-boxes; Carlton House Colonnade; national disgrace. The whole thing had taken the form of accepted commonplace. Everybody could reel it all off, and all the arguments and all about it, as easily as he ought to do his Catechism. Burlington House much the same; easy of access, central, main artery of Piccadilly, &c. &c. Which of the two institutions went to which of the two sites most people thought a matter much of the nature of six of one and half a dozen of the other. But the two sites and the two institutions must be fitted to each other. If the old masters were to go to Piccadilly, the new masters must stay at Trafalgar Square; if the Academy were to emigrate, the National Gallery must remain. The only thing to settle was the distribution of the two sites. Now is it not a beautiful illustration of the great law of official blundering that this most commonplace arrangement could not, or at least cannot, be carried out?

No doubt there is a great deal to be said about what in the minds of many persons, and those good judges, is of great importance—this matter of choice of sites, or rather of settling the claims of either institution to either site. On this we shall have something to say. But, at present, what we want to remark on is that any arrangement has, it seems, thoroughly broken down. The scheme settled was only so far good for anything that it decided the question that the two institutions were to be at those two spots, and nowhere else. Parliament settled, a year or two ago, that the national pictures were to remain at Charing Cross; *therefore*, the Academy was to go to Piccadilly. Recently some high authorities have thought that this arrangement ought to be reversed; and that Burlington House is the proper and best place for the old masters. Very well; it does not much matter; it is a minor question; it may be well left to the parties most concerned—the Royal Academy and the Trustees of the National Gallery. Some critics, whose authority is high, were so pleased with Burlington House that they would keep it at all hazards. We did not quite follow them; but the plan which included this object was worthy of all consideration. Anyhow, we were satisfied that things could not go far wrong. So we all said. But they have gone far wrong, very far wrong indeed. For while the National Gallery is to remain in Trafalgar Square, the Royal Academy, the most popular exhibition in London or Europe, is to go heaven knows where—to Victoria Park, Newman Street, Hackney, or the inevitable and irrepressible South Kensington. The Burlington House site was all ready. The Royal Academy have—to use their own language—no hesitation in preferring the south side of Burlington Gardens, the alternative of a frontage in Piccadilly and Cork Street having been offered to them. All seemed to be going as smoothly and uneventfully as a honeymoon, when all of a sudden it comes out that the Royal Academy won't have or can't have, either as a matter of honour or of fact, the Burlington House site, which everybody thought was a settled thing; and Parliament having refused to revise, or reverse, its decision of keeping the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, the Royal Academy is under notice to quit, must pack up and be off in a few months, and is now homeless.

Probably it was under the pressure of this extraordinary misadventure that Mr. Beresford Hope tried on Monday night the almost desperate, yet very reasonable, attempt of getting Parliament to leave the Academy in Trafalgar Square, and to send the national pictures to Burlington House. Common sense would have suggested this very rational mode of getting over the difficulty, even if, as Mr. Beresford Hope thinks, there were not strong arguments absolutely in favour of keeping Burlington House for the National Gallery. We, who think it does not much matter which site is assigned to which institution, would readily close with the proposition of the member for Stoke. He had a great deal to say for his suggestion. We think, as indeed we have said, that Burlington House is, of the two, the best place for the National Gallery. The old masters do not want so much publicity and so much thoroughfare. Though there is no very great difference between what we may call the sanitary state of Piccadilly and that of Charing Cross, Burlington Gardens is of the two the more healthy for the delicate constitution of a Titian or a Fra Angelico. There is a trifle less smoke and dust, and there is

much less likelihood of the nursery-maid and lounge element prevailing so strongly there as in Trafalgar Square. And, as Mr. Beresford Hope proved, the National Gallery in Piccadilly would cost less than the National Gallery at Charing Cross. Two years ago Messrs. Banks and Barry prepared a plan for a National Gallery in Burlington Gardens, which was approved of by the Trustees, and which preserved Burlington House and its colonnades—a point which we own we do not insist upon so strongly as Mr. Beresford Hope does. This plan gave greater accommodation and presented greater possibilities of expansion than are under any circumstances possible in Trafalgar Square, and all this at the cost of less than 170,000*l.* All the authorities, and all whose judgment is most important in Parliament, are with Mr. Hope. Mr. Layard, certainly a very high authority on pictures, whatever he may be on politics; Mr. Tite, who may be taken as a recognised representative of the profession of architecture; Lord Overstone and Mr. T. Baring, as Trustees of the National Gallery; Mr. Gregory and Lord Elcho and Lord Henry Lennox, who fairly represent on such a question educated, if amateur, taste in art; Mr. Boxall, the new keeper of the National Gallery, and by far the largest part of the Royal Academicians, all are with Mr. Hope in favour of keeping the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square. *Dis abiter vinum.* All the argument is with the minority, but a combination of the old and new Governments weighs down all moral, artistic, aesthetic, and practical considerations. Mr. W. Cowper and Lord John Manners, having two years ago agreed on this question, renew their pact of obstinacy. It would not do for the new Government to be beaten; so, supported by the pure taste of Mr. Ayrton and a silent majority, Mr. Beresford Hope is left in a very attenuated minority. Consistency must be preserved. The House must not vacillate; having come to a conclusion two years ago, that conclusion must be maintained.

Meantime, what about the Royal Academy and its future home, which, after all, is most important? Although this question did not assume any prominence in Monday night's debate, it must have largely influenced the conclusions of those speakers who knew anything of the subject. There is a hitch about the Academy taking the Burlington House site, which everybody thought was only waiting to be accepted—and, indeed, was accepted. It is not, we believe, true that the Academy want to go to Brompton, though it is by no means so certain that there are not those who are steadily at work putting an obstacle here, suggesting a doubt there, marring an arrangement all but completed in another quarter, and through every crevice, and in every hole, and by every sidewind making or aggravating difficulties, and all to force the Academy to the Boilers. Sir Francis Grant has announced that the Academy back out of their acceptance of the Burlington House site, even with the Piccadilly frontage, although, as he admits, they had committed themselves to taking it. They now find out that the objections which lie against it, not amounting in our judgment to much, are insuperable. They cannot afford the cost. All that they can manage is a cheap, shabby building. They have not got 135,000*l.* to spend. There is not space enough; that is, half Burlington Gardens is not big enough for all the pictures which the new and exuberant zeal on behalf of every Dick Tinto wants, or says that it wants, to admit within its ample galleries of the future. There is not light enough. So the Royal Academy most respectfully declines Burlington Gardens. Well, we must say this looks very like another South Kensington job. We believe that Sir Francis Grant does not wish to be banished to Brompton; we know that the great majority of the Academicians look at a connection with Cole with the utmost horror. Anyhow, whatever was intended by the vote of Monday night, South Kensington will reap its fruits. If the Royal Academy shan't stay at Charing Cross, and won't go to Piccadilly, it must go to Brompton. So, of course, Cole C.B. not unreasonably argues: We suspect a little treachery, and a good deal of jobbing, somewhere. We have not quite got at the bottom of the Royal Academy's second thoughts, and their refusal of Burlington Gardens. There is something yet to be explained. Although the transference of the Royal Academy to Brompton would be ruinous as regards the shillings which are now so plentifully taken at Charing Cross, we trust that merely in the public interest, and for the sake of a great popular exhibition, some course will be adopted by which the Academy can take the Burlington House site. And we chiefly regret that Mr. Beresford Hope's motion failed, because it presented a solution of this new difficulty on the part of the Royal Academy, while it also provided what we are convinced is the best arrangement for the national pictures.

IRISH RAILWAY LOAN.

CYNICAL observers of Ministerial tactics may suspect that the proposed loan of 500,000*l.* to distressed Irish Railway Companies was intended as a bid for the Irish vote, and this impression may not be weakened by the circumstance that the scheme brought forward by the Conservative Government had already been sanctioned by their Liberal predecessors in office. On principle the proceeding is wholly indefensible, unless upon the assumption that rules which apply to the rest of the United Kingdom are wholly out of place in Ireland. The case is simply this. Irish railways have been so grievously mismanaged, by some twenty or thirty incompetent Boards, that they neither accommodate the travelling public nor pay the shareholders. The lines were constructed at a moderate cost, and would all be remun-

native if the fares were such as to invite people to travel, and the arrangements so far rational as to allow a transit from the territory of one of the many little Companies to that of another without an enforced delay of hours, or, as it sometimes happens, of a whole day. Of course Directors who began by being too dull or too greedy to carry passengers at a reasonable rate have ended by being too poor now to try the experiment. A grand comprehensive scheme of cheap travelling all over Ireland, with perfect harmony among the various Companies in the management of through traffic, would no doubt be the greatest blessing imaginable both to the people of Ireland and to the shareholders in her Railway Companies. But even if Irish Companies could work together, which is confessedly impossible, the money sunk and the receipts sacrificed, in the first instance, in effecting such a change might amount to some hundreds of thousands in the first year of the experiment; and the Directors might as well ask their shareholders to subscribe for a new branch to the moon as to engage in such a policy, even with the certainty that every shilling so invested would bring back a pound of future profits in two or three years. The thing cannot be done or thought of by the existing Companies, even if the Boards which have blundered hitherto were suddenly endowed with superhuman intelligence. There is no money in possession or prospect. Two thirds of these Companies pay no dividends at all to their ordinary shareholders, and a great many of them have long ceased to pay their creditors. Just now the list of these defaulters threatens to be largely increased, many of the better sort of Companies, which have hitherto gone on in respectable poverty, being at length driven to the edge of absolute insolvency and repudiation. So, instead of devising schemes of improved management, their efforts are limited to getting enough money to tide over the next payments due on their debentures. Every other resource having failed, an appeal is made to the Government, and it is said, truly enough, perhaps, that engines will be seized and traffic stopped over half Ireland if Government does not come to the rescue. And accordingly powers are taken to advance half a million, by way of loan, at a low rate of interest, to any Irish Railway Companies which may be found incapable of paying their debts, and able nevertheless to give excellent security for the repayment of the loan in a few months, or at latest in a year.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the security of Companies that have neither money to pay their creditors nor credit to raise a loan would scarcely be thought good for any lender but the Government; but apart from the risk, which may not be serious, why are Irish Companies to have a loan at 4*l.* per cent. when many English Companies need it as much, and deserve it more? The London, Chatham, and Dover is precisely in the same plight as some of the less embarrassed of the Irish Companies. It has not quite reached the level of the Cork and Youghal yet, but it has been subjected to legal process, and is now in the hands of a receiver. Of course it would have been much pleasanter for the London, Chatham, and Dover Directors to pay their pressing creditors with Government money borrowed at 4*l.* per cent. Possibly the very enterprising Board of this spirited Company, if there had been time, would have projected a branch tunnel to Dublin and Cork, so as to qualify them to sue *in forma pauperis* as an Irish line. But it is too late for that, and they are condemned to see assistance which they dare not ask for freely given to still feebler Companies across the Irish Channel. Now what is the justification for this exceptional course? It is not denied that the Irish Boards have forfeited all title to assistance, if such a claim can be forfeited by the most wretched mismanagement; and the only ground assigned for making this special provision in their favour is that, without such assistance, locomotion will be stopped, to the great loss and inconvenience of the whole Irish community. If this is true, it must be owned that a good case is made out for almost any kind of irregular assistance that will really supply a remedy. But then the assistance should be for the benefit of the Irish people, and not merely of the Railway Companies. Whatever maxims of political economy may be cited to the contrary, almost any rational scheme for hastening the development of Ireland would probably do good, not only to Ireland herself, but indirectly to England also; but then all the plans hitherto tried for the purpose have been the merest jobs for the benefit of a few hungry speculators. The advance of hard cash to fill the empty till of a needy Railway Company will scarcely be a better investment than the subsidy granted for the Galway Mail. A Board of Directors, thus assisted, will go on perhaps six months longer than its friends had hoped, before being wound up by special Act of Parliament or otherwise; but when an undertaking has sunk from prosperity to the lowest depths of financial difficulty solely through the incompetency of its managers, it is not likely that a temporary loan to the same managers will do more than enable them to continue the same style of management for a few months longer. Temporary assistance is not the way to cure chronic mismanagement. The only remedy for that is to remove the administration to competent hands, and, in the case of Ireland, to connect a multitude of Boards into one. When this has been done, and if the new Board is sufficiently supplied with funds, disaster will soon change to success, if only the material elements of success exist. Now upon this point we must be content with the evidence of those who are acquainted with the facts; and, with scarcely an exception, all witnesses of this character before the Devonshire Commission ascribed the collapse of the Irish railway system to bad management, high fares, and want of unity, rather than to

any necessity inherent in such undertakings. Still it is clear that, if the prejudice which exists against Government interference—even for good purposes and with good effect—is to be combated rather than let the whole steam locomotion of Ireland cease, and all her railways fall to ruin, it is not worth while engaging in such a contest, and offending many sound though perhaps over-strict economists, unless your exceptional measures are of a kind likely to succeed. The comprehensive operation recommended by Mr. Gregory, on the strength of the evidence reported by the Commission, seemed to promise a success so ample as to recompense any Minister, in the end, for any criticism to which his policy might be exposed; but the mere temporary expedient of a peddling loan to prolong the hopeless existence of an ill-managed concern is likely to do little good either to Ireland or England, and not much more perhaps to the recipient Company itself.

The difficulty of the Irish railway problem is no doubt great, and it should either be met by large measures or left wholly untouched. In theory, this seems to be admitted on all hands, and neither the representatives of the present nor of the past Government attempted to defend the loan transaction which both had sanctioned, except as a stop-gap to prevent an utter collapse of the whole system before the Commission should have had time to report, or the Government an opportunity of introducing a comprehensive measure. In this sense, and this only, the irregularity may be excused, and English Companies in a nearly similar plight must console themselves with the reflection that, if their own mismanagement had been equal to the mismanagement of Irish Boards, they also might have been listened to when besieging the Treasury for a temporary loan. Only it is necessary to beware of drifting into a series of nominally temporary but really permanent loans, which some of the Railway Companies would no doubt prefer to a thorough reform of the whole Irish locomotive system. If it should in the end be found impracticable to frame a satisfactory measure for transferring the whole railway interest of Ireland into better hands, there will be no alternative but to leave the creditors of the different lines to work out their own remedies, and no excuse for saving the Companies, by repeated renewals of Government loans, from the fate which they have so well deserved.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN LONDON.

THE archæologists have spent their week in London, and, now that the excitement is over, they may congratulate themselves on having had the courage to forego for one year the luxury of roaring as very great lions in a country town, when a less observable attitude in London has been so richly rewarded. The Congress opened well. The mediæval Guildhall of London, which, to its great credit, the Corporation has well restored with Gothic windows and open timber roof, was the appropriate place of gathering, and the Lord Mayor presided in his official state. Our only complaint is one which is not often made—the speeches were hardly weighty enough or long enough for such an occasion. From the Bishop of Oxford, for instance, little more was extracted than some lively funning about an unlucky timber cart that had made him very late. Everybody, however, was pleased. The Guildhall Library and Museum, liberally thrown open, attracted numerous visitors; and the afternoon saw an excursion to the three mediæval minsters of the City—St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, which is under restoration in its Norman grandeur—St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, formerly a nunnery church, notable for the tombs of the Greshams and many other worthies, indicating what London churches may have been before the fire—and the expansive nave of the Austin Friars, of the fourteenth century, curiously suitable to be the type of a large modern town church. This last-named building has been excellently restored by the Dutch congregation who have been its owners for three centuries, after the fire which had a few years since so nearly led to its utter demolition; the architect being Mr. Lightly, a young artist of promise, who barely survived the completion of his work. A *soirée* in the evening at the Deanery of Westminster was more than a merely pleasant party, for many important portions of the monastic buildings, including the fragments of the Confessor's constructions, were lighted up and thrown open, and the manuscript treasures of the Abbey Library freely displayed.

Wednesday morning saw the archæologists for the first time listening with praiseworthy attention to those papers which flowed all through the week in so continuous a stream. For this purpose the lecture theatres of the Jermyn Street Museum of Geology, and of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, were both placed at their disposal. Handsome in every way as this provision was, it carried with it the disadvantage that sometimes two papers in the two places overlapped, to the detriment of those who would gladly have heard both, when, with only one lecture-room and a little management, they might all have been offered to the same auditory. Sections are needed in a scientific congress, but in archæology they have a habit of running into each other. Sir John Lubbock's inaugural address as President of the Primæval Section deserves all praise; and that of the Dean of Westminster, as President of the Historical Section, upon the early history of that "Isle of Thorns" which became the city of Westminster, was marked with his peculiar merit of vivid picturesqueness. Mr. Freeman followed with a learned analysis of the history and character of his favourite, King Harold II., in connection with the Collegiate, afterwards Abbey, Church of Waltham,

in Essex, which that worthy founded. So primed with information, the Congress followed Mr. Freeman's lead in the afternoon in an excursion to all that remains of that famous pile—namely, a large and stately Romanesque nave, which has been excellently well restored by Mr. Burges. In the evening, the majority of the archæologists slipped off to South Kensington to listen to the strains of the Wandering Minstrels, while a few stopped to enjoy a very able paper, by Mr. Green, on the domestic condition of London in the days of Becket.

Thursday was absolutely cram full of sights and papers. In the morning, the Presidents of the Sections of Architecture and Antiquities, Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Birch, both threw off; and then followed Dr. Guest with one of those condensed and logical expositions in which he is such a proficient, upon the place of Cæsar's crossing the Thames, and upon the conditions generally of the metropolitan district in his days. He proved to demonstration that the river might have been staked crossways, and that the French Emperor was deceived in his theory of the place of crossing, having forgotten that in Cæsar's time the Thames was not locked, and that accordingly the vulgar etymology which he accepts of Teddington—i.e. Tide-end-town—is simple rubbish. Before Teddington and other locks were interposed, the tide must have run up miles higher. Dr. Guest fixes the place of the crossing opposite St. George's Hill, where in its natural state the river must have flowed over a very shallow channel for a considerable distance. In the time of Cæsar, he considers that there was not even a British village on the site of London, but that it was a common hunting-ground of the neighbouring tribes. In the afternoon, a crowded gathering took place in the Chapter House of Westminster, where the workmen had been working with such hearty good will that, on the day before, the clearance of the offensive wooden fittings bequeathed by the Record Office had been completed, and it now stood out, mutilated indeed, but disencumbered, and recognisable in its primitive physiognomy. Here Dean Stanley gave a very copious and picturesque lecture on the history of the Abbey as the place of Royal interments. Later in the day, a lecture on Henry VII.'s Chapel by Professor Westmacott, on the sculpture of the monuments, and another on the architecture of the Abbey, by Mr. Gilbert Scott, in the Chapter House, and a peripatetic examination of the buildings under his guidance, amply filled up the afternoon. A very curious discovery has recently been made in the choir of the Abbey, of two of the bases of the columns of the choir of Edward the Confessor's earlier church, which proves three things—(1) that its architecture, as the Chronicles lead us to suppose, was Norman, not Saxon; (2) that it must have been about as long as the present church, not counting Henry VII.'s Chapel; and (3) that its levels were about the same. Although the day had been so fully occupied, the more insatiable archæologists were ready in the evening to listen to a paper on the historical associations of the Tower, by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, which it was a pity should have come at that hour.

On Friday, Mr. Parker lectured with great minuteness on the architectural history of Windsor Castle; and Professor Willis, with all his acuteness and clearness, discoursed on that of Eton College. This was a peculiarly important lecture, as it was illustrated from the series of papers containing Henry VI.'s own projects and building-accounts, which were this very year rediscovered at Eton, after having been mislaid time out of mind. Professor Willis had, of course, thoroughly digested them, and to good profit. They are curious, as showing how completely Henry VI. put his own mind into the undertaking, and how hard he worked. For instance, when he was planning the choir of the chapel he sent commissioners to measure the choirs of some of our most stately cathedrals in order to settle its size. The afternoon was spent in a very pleasurable excursion to the Tower, which is gradually being restored with much care by Mr. Salvin, under the auspices of the Lieutenant, Lord de Ros. Here the lecturer was Mr. Clarke, who has very recently burst upon the antiquarian world from Wales as a master of the study of castellated architecture, and has, as such, replaced Mr. Hartshorne in the service of the Archæological Institute. After an examination of the building, the lecture, which was one of much power, was given in the restored Norman Chapel in the White Tower. In the evening, an over select audience listened to a very interesting account, by Mr. Joyce, of the diggings which are gradually exhuming the Roman city of Silchester (supposed to be Calleva) in Hampshire. Silchester has had the singular felicity of never having been built over, and so its remains are proportionately perfect. Among the buildings lately opened is a large private house which shows unmistakable signs of having been thrice built or altered at different ages of the Romano-British period. Later in the evening our archæologists seem to have disported themselves at a great gathering convoked by the Institute of Architects.

Saturday's proceedings may be summed up in two words—Windsor and Eton—by Mr. Parker and Professor Willis. It was a long and hot, but most interesting and enjoyable, day. Beside all the pomp of the modern fittings, Windsor shows genuine remains of its mediæval buildings, which are very little visited, and some of which have only been recently cleared out. The most noticeable is perhaps a grand vaulted chamber with deeply-recessed windows forming cells, under the "Clewes Tower," which Mr. Parker considers to have been the state prison of the Castle in the time of Henry III. The newly decorated Wolsey's Tomb House was duly visited, and

Mr. Clayton received well-merited praise for his painted glass there and in the west window of St. George's Chapel, and for the cartoons from which the Salvati mosaics have been worked. It should be recorded that the Queen most kindly took active steps to have exceptional facilities given to the Institute to explore the Castle.

On Sunday, the Dean of Westminster preached an archaeological sermon, and on Monday the paper-reading recommenced. Just for a while London and London's concerns were put on one side in favour of Palestine. The annual meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund was ingeniously dovetailed into the Congress, and proved to be a very instructive and congruous episode. Mr. Cyril Graham's *visu voce* epitome of the operations of the exploring expedition was a decided success; and so were the speeches of Mr. Porter and Captain Wilson, while Mr. Layard made many who heard him regret that he should ever have deserted archaeology for pursuits less suited to enhance his reputation. Afterwards Mr. Burt, the Secretary of the Archaeological Institute, to whose exertions, after long hours of public work, very much of its success is due, gave a description of the contents of the Record Office, to which he is officially attached. The expedition of the day was not of the very great interest of that of previous afternoons; nevertheless, it took in Lambeth Palace, the Temple Church, and the grand early Gothic minster of St. Mary Overie, commonly called St. Saviour's, Southwark. Mr. Scharf, who had explained the Lambeth collection, illustrated in the evening the pictures contained in the collections in and about London.

Tuesday morning was occupied by a lecture on Semitic paleography by Mr. Deutsch of the British Museum, and the afternoon by an excursion, headed by Mr. Scharf, to Hampton Court; after which the archaeologists found themselves at Fulham Palace, where they enjoyed the novelty of an episcopal lecture, the Bishop of London showing himself an excellent cicerone of his own palace. Wednesday was the final meeting in the Council Chamber at the Guildhall, where of course the usual compliments were paid, and Hull was fixed upon as the place of meeting for 1867. This is, we think, a very judicious choice, considering the unusual number of churches of peculiar size and magnificence which are accessible from that town, in addition to specimens of castellated and domestic architecture. At the same time a prospective resolution was passed forecasting successive visits to Hereford, Exeter, and Dublin. After 1870—*qui vivat terra*.

We have detailed the proceedings of this antiquarian week at some length, because we are convinced that it has been an important one. The Congresses of archaeologists do not make the splash which attends those both of men of real science and men of social science, partly because, while everybody can sit down and be read at, it is not every one who has the energy or the comprehension to explore masses of crumbling masonry. But, itinerating as they do from place to place, these gatherings are gradually but surely helping to build up that healthy tone of feeling which is manifest in the public restorations of the Tower, of Westminster Chapter House, and of Guildhall by the Corporation of London, and in private works of a like nature whose name is legion. We are glad to hear that the papers which have been read are not to be dispersed in journals, but will be published collectively by Mr. Murray.

REVIEWS.

PALEY'S EVIDENCES.*

PALEY'S *Evidences* and Butler's *Analogy* are often, and not altogether unjustly, regarded as typical of two great schools of English theology, and, in particular, as typical of the two Universities to which their respective authors belonged. Of Butler we have already spoken on former occasions, and we propose now to say a few words on Paley, whose labours appear to us to have fallen into very unmerited contempt, although attentive observers may trace signs of their regaining, in a modified shape and with alterations, the influence which they undoubtedly deserve. The differences which the popular commonplaces on the subject would generally recognise between Butler and Paley turn a good deal on the character of the two men. Butler, every one will admit, was not merely a good but a holy man. To us, at least, it appears altogether impossible to read his books, and especially the best of his sermons, without arriving at that conclusion; but the sincerity of Paley's religion has frequently been questioned. Thus, for instance, the same sentiment would generally be expressed by saying that Paley was cold-hearted, that he held a brief for Christianity, and wrote as a lawyer would speak, not for conscience sake, but for his fee or at best for his own side. This appears to us to be altogether unjust. We believe Paley to have been emphatically a good and a sincerely religious man. There is nothing dishonourable in his private life, and it is certain that if he had condescended to throw rather more passion into his writings, and to be less candid and sincere than he actually was, he might have stood more fairly for promotion, though it must be remembered, to the honour of the Church of England of that day, that many of its writers showed a degree of high-

bred courtesy, candour, and calmness, in dealing with opinions radically opposed to their own, which are far less common at present. Such writers as Hey, Watson, Marsh, Paley, Horsley, and others who might easily be named, had many qualities both literary and moral in which their representatives in the present day are most deficient. To be able to express clear and weighty thoughts in perfect English, to write on the most exciting topics with entire calmness, to be able to state strong objections fully and deal with them plainly and shortly, and to be able also to abstain from irrelevant expressions of feeling when the question of feeling does not arise, are gifts which imply the possession of considerable moral as well as intellectual qualities, and they are gifts which Paley and his school possessed in the rarest perfection. If it be said that they, and in particular that he, showed very little religious feeling, this appears to us, in the first place, to be by no means true. It is true that there are in Paley comparatively few exhibitions of the tender religious emotions, but tenderness is by no means the only emotion which sincere religious belief is calculated to excite. Paley was obviously a cheerful sanguine man, naturally disposed to enjoy himself and take a bright view of things. This appears as conspicuously in all his writings as the contrary disposition does in Butler's, and upon this disposition his religion would appear to have superinduced a certain calm, reverential, sober regard for the order of things in which he found himself, which is at once pious and cheerful. It is impossible to read his works with common candour without being satisfied that he did firmly believe in a good God, the moral ruler of the Universe, and in a future state, the existence of which had been miraculously attested. He not only believed this, but believed it with a certain warmth and joy which is all the more impressive because it is not very often expressed. Here and there, however, it breaks out, as, for instance, in the fine passage with which the *Evidences* conclude:—

Of what a revelation discloses to mankind, one and only one question can properly be asked—Was it of importance to mankind to be better assured of? In this question, when we turn our thoughts to the great Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and of a future judgment, no doubt can possibly be entertained. He who gives me riches or honours does nothing; he who even gives me health does little in comparison with that which lays before me just grounds for expecting a restoration to life and a day of account and retribution, which thing Christianity hath done for millions. . . . This hypothesis, therefore, solves all that objection to the divine care and goodness which the promiscuous distribution of good and evil (I do not mean in the doubtful advantages of riches and grandeur, but in the unquestionably important distinctions of health and sickness, strength and infirmity, bodily ease and pain, mental alacrity and depression) is apt on so many occasions to create. This one truth changes the nature of things, gives order to confusion, makes the moral world of a piece with the natural.

Surely the man who wrote this was not coldly insensible to the great leading truths of religion, and, if he was an advocate, was at least one who believed in and had an affection for his cause. Yet so general is the neglect into which Paley has fallen, and so much is he undervalued, that we are tempted to transcribe a passage from his sermons, which shows how strong a vein of manly simple piety ran through his character. Speaking of levity in relation to religious affairs, he says:—

Surely human life wants not materials and occasions for the remedying of this great infirmity. Have we met with no troubles to bring us to ourselves? No disasters in our affairs? No losses in our families? No strokes of misfortune or affliction? No visitations in our health? No warnings in our constitution? If none of these things have befallen us, and it is for that reason that we continue to want seriousness and solidity of character, then it shows how necessary these things are for our real interests and for our real happiness; we are examples how little mankind can do without them, and that a state of unclouded pleasure and prosperity is, of all others, the most unfit for man. It generates the precise evil we complain of, a giddiness and levity of temper upon which religion cannot act. It indisposes a man for weighty and momentous concerns of any kind; but it most fatally disqualifies him for the concerns of religion. That is its worst consequence, though others may be bad. I believe, therefore, first, that there is such a thing as levity of thought and character upon which religion has no effect. I believe, secondly, that this is greatly cherished by health, and pleasures, and prosperity, and gay society. I believe, thirdly, that wherever this is the case, these things which are accounted such blessings, which men love and envy, are in truth deep and heavy calamities. For, lastly, I believe that this levity must be changed into seriousness before the mind infected with it can come to God; and most assuredly true it is that we cannot come to happiness in the next world unless we come to God in this.

There is a pathetic dignity about this which would hardly be found in the writings of a man who was not in his own way sincerely religious, although his religion might, and no doubt did, take a peculiarly sober form, and, in so far as it was a matter of feeling at all, consisted rather in a feeling of awe and responsibility than in a feeling of personal affection for the object of worship. To feel the existence of a supernatural sanction of morals is just as much a feeling as that sort of ardent personal love for unseen beings which is the keynote of all kinds of mysticism; and to say that a man is unfeeling because he has one set of feelings and not the other is an abuse of language.

Passing from the general question of Paley's personal character to the more restricted question as to the value of his principal work, we think that as little justice has been done to the one as to the other. The *Evidences* were for a long time popular to the highest degree, and were supposed to be unanswerable. They obtained the questionable advantage of being made a University text-book, the result of which was that half of the imperfectly educated classes supposed that they understood the work. Gradually a notion prevailed that they were fit for nothing better than the position of a text-book, that they were shallow and unphilosophical, and had been answered; and thus, whilst the book

* *A View of the Evidences of Christianity.* By William Paley, D.D., Archdeacon of Carlisle.

any necessity inherent in such undertakings. Still it is clear that, if the prejudice which exists against Government interference—even for good purposes and with good effect—is to be combated rather than let the whole steam locomotion of Ireland cease, and all her railways fall to ruin, it is not worth while engaging in such a contest, and offending many sound though perhaps over-strict economists, unless your exceptional measures are of a kind likely to succeed. The comprehensive operation recommended by Mr. Gregory, on the strength of the evidence reported by the Commission, seemed to promise a success so ample as to recompense any Minister, in the end, for any criticism to which his policy might be exposed; but the mere temporary expedient of a peddling loan to prolong the hopeless existence of an ill-managed concern is likely to do little good either to Ireland or England, and not much more perhaps to the recipient Company itself.

The difficulty of the Irish railway problem is no doubt great, and it should either be met by large measures or left wholly untouched. In theory, this seems to be admitted on all hands, and neither the representatives of the present nor of the past Government attempted to defend the loan transaction which both had sanctioned, except as a stop-gap to prevent an utter collapse of the whole system before the Commission should have had time to report, or the Government an opportunity of introducing a comprehensive measure. In this sense, and this only, the irregularity may be excused, and English Companies in a nearly similar plight must console themselves with the reflection that, if their own mismanagement had been equal to the mismanagement of Irish Boards, they also might have been listened to when besieging the Treasury for a temporary loan. Only it is necessary to beware of drifting into a series of nominally temporary but really permanent loans, which some of the Railway Companies would no doubt prefer to a thorough reform of the whole Irish locomotive system. If it should in the end be found impracticable to frame a satisfactory measure for transferring the whole railway interest of Ireland into better hands, there will be no alternative but to leave the creditors of the different lines to work out their own remedies, and no excuse for saving the Companies, by repeated renewals of Government loans, from the fate which they have so well deserved.

ARCHÆOLOGY IN LONDON.

THE archaeologists have spent their week in London, and, now that the excitement is over, they may congratulate themselves on having had the courage to forego for one year the luxury of roaring as very great lions in a country town, when a less observable attitude in London has been so richly rewarded. The Congress opened well. The mediæval Guildhall of London, which, to its great credit, the Corporation has well restored with Gothic windows and open timber roof, was the appropriate place of gathering, and the Lord Mayor presided in his official state. Our only complaint is one which is not often made—the speeches were hardly weighty enough or long enough for such an occasion. From the Bishop of Oxford, for instance, little more was extracted than some lively funning about an unlucky timber cart that had made him very late. Everybody, however, was pleased. The Guildhall Library and Museum, liberally thrown open, attracted numerous visitors; and the afternoon saw an excursion to the three mediæval minsters of the City—St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, which is under restoration in its Norman grandeur—St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, formerly a nunnery church, notable for the tombs of the Greshams and many other worthies, indicating what London churches may have been before the fire—and the expansive nave of the Austin Friars, of the fourteenth century, curiously suitable to be the type of a large modern town church. This last-named building has been excellently restored by the Dutch congregation who have been its owners for three centuries, after the fire which had a few years since so nearly led to its utter demolition; the architect being Mr. Lightly, a young artist of promise, who barely survived the completion of his work. A *soirée* in the evening at the Deanery of Westminster was more than a merely pleasant party, for many important portions of the monastic buildings, including the fragments of the Confessor's constructions, were lighted up and thrown open, and the manuscript treasures of the Abbey Library freely displayed.

Wednesday morning saw the archaeologists for the first time listening with praiseworthy attention to those papers which flowed all through the week in so continuous a stream. For this purpose the lecture theatres of the Jermyn Street Museum of Geology, and of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, were both placed at their disposal. Handsome in every way as this provision was, it carried with it the disadvantage that sometimes two papers in the two places overlapped, to the detriment of those who would gladly have heard both, when, with only one lecture-room and a little management, they might all have been offered to the same auditory. Sections are needed in a scientific congress, but in archaeology they have a habit of running into each other. Sir John Lubbock's inaugural address as President of the Primæval Section deserves all praise; and that of the Dean of Westminster, as President of the Historical Section, upon the early history of that "Isle of Thorns" which became the city of Westminster, was marked with his peculiar merit of vivid picturesqueness. Mr. Freeman followed with a learned analysis of the history and character of his favourite, King Harold II., in connection with the Collegiate, afterwards Abbey, Church of Waltham,

in Essex, which that worthy founded. So primed with information, the Congress followed Mr. Freeman's lead in the afternoon in an excursion to all that remains of that famous pile—namely, a large and stately Romanesque nave, which has been excellently well restored by Mr. Burgess. In the evening, the majority of the archaeologists slipped off to South Kensington to listen to the strains of the Wandering Minstrels, while a few stopped to enjoy a very able paper, by Mr. Green, on the domestic condition of London in the days of Becket.

Thursday was absolutely cram full of sights and papers. In the morning, the Presidents of the Sections of Architecture and Antiquities, Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Birch, both threw off; and then followed Dr. Guest with one of those condensed and logical expositions in which he is such a proficient, upon the place of Cæsar's crossing the Thames, and upon the conditions generally of the metropolitan district in his days. He proved to demonstration that the river might have been staked crossways, and that the French Emperor was deceived in his theory of the place of crossing, having forgotten that in Cæsar's time the Thames was not locked, and that accordingly the vulgar etymology which he accepts of Teddington—i.e. Tide-end-town—is simple rubbish. Before Teddington and other locks were interposed, the tide must have run up miles higher. Dr. Guest fixes the place of the crossing opposite St. George's Hill, where in its natural state the river must have flowed over a very shallow channel for a considerable distance. In the time of Cæsar, he considers that there was not even a British village on the site of London, but that it was a common hunting-ground of the neighbouring tribes. In the afternoon, a crowded gathering took place in the Chapter House of Westminster, where the workmen had been working with such hearty good will that, on the day before, the clearance of the offensive wooden fittings bequeathed by the Record Office had been completed, and it now stood out, mutilated indeed, but disencumbered, and recognisable in its primitive physiognomy. Here Dean Stanley gave a very copious and picturesque lecture on the history of the Abbey as the place of Royal interments. Later in the day, a lecture on Henry VII.'s Chapel by Professor Westmacott, on the sculpture of the monuments, and another on the architecture of the Abbey, by Mr. Gilbert Scott, in the Chapter House, and a peripatetic examination of the buildings under his guidance, amply filled up the afternoon. A very curious discovery has recently been made in the choir of the Abbey, of two of the bases of the columns of the choir of Edward the Confessor's earlier church, which proves three things—(1) that its architecture, as the Chronicles lead us to suppose, was Norman, not Saxon; (2) that it must have been about as long as the present church, not counting Henry VII.'s Chapel; and (3) that its levels were about the same. Although the day had been so fully occupied, the more insatiable archaeologists were ready in the evening to listen to a paper on the historical associations of the Tower, by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, which it was a pity should have come at that hour.

On Friday, Mr. Parker lectured with great minuteness on the architectural history of Windsor Castle; and Professor Willis, with all his acuteness and clearness, discoursed on that of Eton College. This was a peculiarly important lecture, as it was illustrated from the series of papers containing Henry VI.'s own projects and building-accounts, which were this very year rediscovered at Eton, after having been mislaid time out of mind. Professor Willis had, of course, thoroughly digested them, and to good profit. They are curious, as showing how completely Henry VI. put his own mind into the undertaking, and how hard he worked. For instance, when he was planning the choir of the chapel he sent commissioners to measure the choirs of some of our most stately cathedrals in order to settle its size. The afternoon was spent in a very pleasurable excursion to the Tower, which is gradually being restored with much care by Mr. Salvin, under the auspices of the Lieutenant, Lord de Ros. Here the lecturer was Mr. Clarke, who has very recently burst upon the antiquarian world from Wales as a master of the study of castellated architecture, and has, as such, replaced Mr. Hartshorne in the service of the Archaeological Institute. After an examination of the building, the lecture, which was one of much power, was given in the restored Norman Chapel in the White Tower. In the evening, an over select audience listened to a very interesting account, by Mr. Joyce, of the diggings which are gradually exhuming the Roman city of Silchester (supposed to be Calleva) in Hampshire. Silchester has had the singular felicity of never having been built over, and so its remains are proportionately perfect. Among the buildings lately opened is a large private house which shows unmistakable signs of having been thrice built or altered at different ages of the Romano-British period. Later in the evening our archaeologists seem to have disported themselves at a great gathering convoked by the Institute of Architects.

Saturday's proceedings may be summed up in two words—Windsor and Eton—by Mr. Parker and Professor Willis. It was a long and hot, but most interesting and enjoyable, day. Beside all the pomp of the modern fittings, Windsor shows genuine remains of its mediæval buildings, which are very little visited, and some of which have only been recently cleared out. The most noticeable is perhaps a grand vaulted chamber with deeply-recessed windows forming cells, under the "Clever Tower," which Mr. Parker considers to have been the state prison of the Castle in the time of Henry III. The newly decorated Wolsey's Tomb House was duly visited, and

Mr. Clayton received well-merited praise for his painted glass there and in the west window of St. George's Chapel, and for the cartoons from which the Salvati mosaics have been worked. It should be recorded that the Queen most kindly took active steps to have exceptional facilities given to the Institute to explore the Castle.

On Sunday, the Dean of Westminster preached an archaeological sermon, and on Monday the paper-reading recommenced. Just for a while London and London's concerns were put on one side in favour of Palestine. The annual meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund was ingeniously dovetailed into the Congress, and proved to be a very instructive and congruous episode. Mr. Cyril Graham's *viva voce* epitome of the operations of the exploring expedition was a decided success; and so were the speeches of Mr. Porter and Captain Wilson, while Mr. Layard made many who heard him regret that he should ever have deserted archaeology for pursuits less suited to enhance his reputation. Afterwards Mr. Burt, the Secretary of the Archaeological Institute, to whose exertions, after long hours of public work, very much of its success is due, gave a description of the contents of the Record Office, to which he is officially attached. The expedition of the day was not of the very great interest of that of previous afternoons; nevertheless, it took in Lambeth Palace, the Temple Church, and the grand early Gothic minster of St. Mary Overie, commonly called St. Saviour's, Southwark. Mr. Scharf, who had explained the Lambeth collection, illustrated in the evening the pictures contained in the collections in and about London.

Tuesday morning was occupied by a lecture on Semitic palæography by Mr. Deutch of the British Museum, and the afternoon by an excursion, headed by Mr. Scharf, to Hampton Court; after which the archaeologists found themselves at Fulham Palace, where they enjoyed the novelty of an episcopal lecture, the Bishop of London showing himself an excellent cicerone of his own palace. Wednesday was the final meeting in the Council Chamber at the Guildhall, where of course the usual compliments were paid, and Hull was fixed upon as the place of meeting for 1867. This is, we think, a very judicious choice, considering the unusual number of churches of peculiar size and magnificence which are accessible from that town, in addition to specimens of castellated and domestic architecture. At the same time a prospective resolution was passed forecasting successive visits to Hereford, Exeter, and Dublin. After 1870—*qui vivra terra*.

We have detailed the proceedings of this antiquarian week at some length, because we are convinced that it has been an important one. The Congresses of archaeologists do not make the splash which attends those both of men of real science and men of social science, partly because, while everybody can sit down and be read at, it is not every one who has the energy or the comprehension to explore masses of crumbling masonry. But, itinerating as they do from place to place, these gatherings are gradually but surely helping to build up that healthy tone of feeling which is manifest in the public restorations of the Tower, of Westminster Chapter House, and of Guildhall by the Corporation of London, and in private works of a like nature whose name is legion. We are glad to hear that the papers which have been read are not to be dispersed in journals, but will be published collectively by Mr. Murray.

REVIEWS.

PALEY'S EVIDENCES.*

PALEY'S *Evidences* and Butler's *Analogy* are often, and not altogether unjustly, regarded as typical of two great schools of English theology, and, in particular, as typical of the two Universities to which their respective authors belonged. Of Butler we have already spoken on former occasions, and we propose now to say a few words on Paley, whose labours appear to us to have fallen into very unmerited contempt, although attentive observers may trace signs of their regaining, in a modified shape and with alterations, the influence which they undoubtedly deserve. The differences which the popular commonplaces on the subject would generally recognise between Butler and Paley turn a good deal on the character of the two men. Butler, every one will admit, was not merely a good but a holy man. To us, at least, it appears altogether impossible to read his books, and especially the best of his sermons, without arriving at that conclusion; but the sincerity of Paley's religion has frequently been questioned. Thus, for instance, the same sentiment would generally be expressed by saying that Paley was cold-hearted, that he held a brief for Christianity, and wrote as a lawyer would speak, not for conscience sake, but for his fee or at best for his own side. This appears to us to be altogether unjust. We believe Paley to have been emphatically a good and a sincerely religious man. There is nothing dishonourable in his private life, and it is certain that if he had condescended to throw rather more passion into his writings, and to be less candid and sincere than he actually was, he might have stood more fairly for promotion, though it must be remembered, to the honour of the Church of England of that day, that many of its writers showed a degree of high-

bred courtesy, candour, and calmness, in dealing with opinions radically opposed to their own, which are far less common at present. Such writers as Hey, Watson, Marsh, Paley, Horsley, and others who might easily be named, had many qualities both literary and moral in which their representatives in the present day are most deficient. To be able to express clear and weighty thoughts in perfect English, to write on the most exciting topics with entire calmness, to be able to state strong objections fully and deal with them plainly and shortly, and to be able also to abstain from irrelevant expressions of feeling when the question of feeling does not arise, are gifts which imply the possession of considerable moral as well as intellectual qualities, and they are gifts which Paley and his school possessed in the rarest perfection. If it be said that they, and in particular that he, showed very little religious feeling, this appears to us, in the first place, to be by no means true. It is true that there are in Paley comparatively few exhibitions of the tender religious emotions, but tenderness is by no means the only emotion which sincere religious belief is calculated to excite. Paley was obviously a cheerful sanguine man, naturally disposed to enjoy himself and take a bright view of things. This appears as conspicuously in all his writings as the contrary disposition does in Butler's, and upon this disposition his religion would appear to have superinduced a certain calm, reverential, sober regard for the order of things in which he found himself, which is at once pious and cheerful. It is impossible to read his works with common candour without being satisfied that he did firmly believe in a good God, the moral ruler of the Universe, and in a future state, the existence of which had been miraculously attested. He not only believed this, but believed it with a certain warmth and joy which is all the more impressive because it is not very often expressed. Here and there, however, it breaks out, as, for instance, in the fine passage with which the *Evidences* conclude:—

Of what a revelation discloses to mankind, one and only one question can properly be asked—Was it of importance to mankind to be better assured of? In this question, when we turn our thoughts to the great Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and of a future judgment, no doubt can possibly be entertained. He who gives me riches or honours does nothing; he who even gives me health does little in comparison with that which lays before me just grounds for expecting a restoration to life and a day of account and retribution, which thing Christianity hath done for millions. . . . This hypothesis, therefore, solves all that objection to the divine care and goodness which the promiscuous distribution of good and evil (I do not mean in the doubtful advantages of riches and grandeur, but in the unquestionably important distinctions of health and sickness, strength and infirmity, bodily ease and pain, mental alacrity and depression) is apt on so many occasions to create. This one truth changes the nature of things, gives order to confusion, makes the moral world of a piece with the natural.

Surely the man who wrote this was not coldly insensible to the great leading truths of religion, and, if he was an advocate, was at least one who believed in and had an affection for his cause. Yet so general is the neglect into which Paley has fallen, and so much is he undervalued, that we are tempted to transcribe a passage from his sermons, which shows how strong a vein of manly simple piety ran through his character. Speaking of levity in relation to religious affairs, he says:—

Surely human life wants not materials and occasions for the remedying of this great infirmity. Have we met with no troubles to bring us to ourselves? No disasters in our affairs? No losses in our families? No strokes of misfortune or affliction? No visitations in our health? No warnings in our constitution? If none of these things have befallen us, and it is for that reason that we continue to want seriousness and solidity of character, then it shows how necessary these things are for our real interests and for our real happiness; we are examples how little mankind can do without them, and that a state of unclouded pleasure and prosperity is, of all others, the most unfit for man. It generates the precise evil we complain of, a giddiness and levity of temper upon which religion cannot act. It indisposes a man for weighty and momentous concerns of any kind; but it most fatally disqualifies him for the concerns of religion. That is its worst consequence, though others may be bad. I believe, therefore, first, that there is such a thing as levity of thought and character upon which religion has no effect. I believe, secondly, that this is greatly cherished by health, and pleasures, and prosperity, and gay society. I believe, thirdly, that wherever this is the case, these things which are accounted such blessings, which men love and envy, are in truth deep and heavy calamities. For, lastly, I believe that this levity must be changed into seriousness before the mind infected with it can come to God; and most assuredly true it is that we cannot come to happiness in the next world unless we come to God in this.

There is a pathetic dignity about this which would hardly be found in the writings of a man who was not in his own way sincerely religious, although his religion might, and no doubt did, take a peculiarly sober form, and, in so far as it was a matter of feeling at all, consisted rather in a feeling of awe and responsibility than in a feeling of personal affection for the object of worship. To feel the existence of a supernatural sanction of morals is just as much a feeling as that sort of ardent personal love for unseen beings which is the keynote of all kinds of mysticism; and to say that a man is unfeeling because he has one set of feelings and not the other is an abuse of language.

Passing from the general question of Paley's personal character to the more restricted question as to the value of his principal work, we think that as little justice has been done to the one as to the other. The *Evidences* were for a long time popular to the highest degree, and were supposed to be unanswerable. They obtained the questionable advantage of being made a University text-book, the result of which was that half of the imperfectly educated classes supposed that they understood the work. Gradually a notion prevailed that they were fit for nothing better than the position of a text-book, that they were shallow and unphilosophical, and had been answered; and thus, whilst the book

* *A View of the Evidences of Christianity.* By William Paley, D.D., Archdeacon of Carlisle.

retains a certain sort of popularity, its real character and value have fallen very much out of sight. We firmly believe that nothing has done more to discredit Paley's *Evidences* in public estimation than the accidental recollection which sticks in the minds of most of his readers of a particular illustration used for a special purpose, which, moreover, is extremely likely to be misunderstood. In the introductory remarks in which he replies to Hume's *Essay on Miracles*, he says that he will try the value of "Mr. Hume's theorem" "upon a simple case," and he then adds:—

If twelve men whose probity and good sense I had long known should seriously and circumstantially relate to me an account of a miracle wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible they should be deceived; if the governor of the country hearing a rumour of this account should call those men into his presence, and offer them a short proposal either to confess the imposture, or submit to be tied up to a gibbet; if they should refuse with one voice to acknowledge that there existed any falsehood or imposture in the case; if this threat were communicated to them separately, yet with no different effect; if it was at last executed; if I myself saw them one after another consenting to be racked, burnt, or strangled, sooner than give up the truth of their account, still, if Mr. Hume's rule be my guide, I am not to believe them. Now I undertake to say that there exists not a sceptic in the world who would not believe them, or who would defend such incredulity.

This graphic illustration, occurring as it does at the very beginning of the book, and sticking by force of style in the memory, suggests the inference that Paley asserted that the evidence of the truth of Christianity was that the twelve Apostles had been put to death for asserting it. The late Mr. Conybeare, in one of his clever novels about scepticism, gives an account of the way in which the hero was puzzled in the early stages of his phases of faith, by being asked who were "Paley's twelve men." Of course much more elaborate reasons for belief than those suggested by Paley were afterwards given, but it was assumed that this and other criticisms of the same sort effectually disposed of Paley.

Such an illustration shows that the person who made it had a very imperfect recollection of his Paley. The truth is that Paley's *Evidences* were, so to speak, the last word of a controversy, far deeper and wider and better informed than most people in the present day usually suppose it to have been; and that though certain parts of the book are open to great and just objections, while certain other parts have become more or less obsolete in consequence of the general advance of critical knowledge, it is nevertheless a most powerful book, and can by no means be disposed of by the remark that Paley exaggerated the number of his witnesses and the cogency and directness of their evidence. Like the rest of Paley's writings, the evidences are a *résumé* of a vast deal of less successful literature. From the time of Grotius downwards, the question had been handled by all manner of writers, and Lardner in particular heaped together in eleven huge volumes an enormous mass of materials which, amongst other things, Paley made use of. Indeed, any one who reads the book with anything like a competent knowledge of the controversies of the eighteenth century will have occasion to observe that its most remarkable feature is the high level of knowledge from which Paley sets out. One great merit of the book is that its author had read and thought so much on the subject which he handled that he takes the matter up at the very highest point which it had then reached, and makes just the sort of observations which, in that stage of the controversy, were likely to be most effective with well-instructed general readers. The great difference between Paley and the later writers who are now in fashion is, that he writes professedly as a controversialist, maintaining special propositions which he states with the greatest care and proves point by point, instead of writing merely as an historian trying to appreciate and revive the events of a past age. Each method has its advantages, and we are a little apt, in our passion for understanding and describing past ages, to underrate the importance of establishing specific propositions. The number of unsupported conjectures, of omissions of inconvenient passages, of determinations to put a nineteenth-century construction upon sayings and doings of a different age in the world, which we meet with in such books as *Ecce Homo* or M. Renan's works, lead us sometimes to regret the precision, the measured language, and even the affectation of understating his case, which occur in every page of Paley.

The essential character of the *Evidences* has been frequently overlooked, but there is no excuse for overlooking it, because Paley has thrown it into the form of an express proposition, which is reprinted at the head of each of the first nine chapters of his book. This proposition is

That there is satisfactory evidence that many professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles passed their lives in labours, dangers, and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of those accounts; and that they also submitted, from the same motives, to new rules of conduct.

Paley does not say, it will be observed, that twelve men laid down their lives in attestation of the Christian miracles, but that we have evidence that a number of persons, professing to be original witnesses, did assert the truth of the Christian miracles at the expense of danger and suffering; and this is a very different thing. He carefully avoids the statement so often attributed to him, because he knew it was not capable of being proved, and he substitutes for it one in favour of which there most assuredly is strong evidence, though we do not know whether it can be regarded as perfectly satisfactory—that is, as conclusive in relation

to every branch of the complex proposition which it is meant to prove. Paley knew perfectly well, though not in as much detail as we in the present day know it, how much controversy might be raised about the dates, the authorship, and the circumstantial accuracy of the four Gospels as we have them, and for that reason, no doubt, he is careful to lay an independent foundation for his argument. His first eight chapters all go to prove that, whatever opinions may be entertained on these subjects, it is perfectly certain that the Christian religion did make its appearance in the world at the date usually assigned to it, that its author was put to death, that his followers were persecuted at Rome and elsewhere within thirty-five years of the Crucifixion, and that, from the very earliest times of which we have any account at all of the subject, the main outline of the Christian religion was what it now is. Or, to use his own admirable language—language which in itself is a title to fame, whatever may be the value of his arguments:—

These four circumstances;—first, the recognition of the account in its principal parts by a series of succeeding writers; secondly, the total absence of any account of the religion substantially different from ours; thirdly, the early and extensive prevalence of rites and institutions which result from our account; fourthly, our account bearing in its construction proof that it is an account of facts which were known and believed at the time;—are sufficient, I conceive, to support an assurance that the story which we have now is in general the story which Christians had at the beginning And if our evidence stopped here we should have a strong case to offer; for we should have to allege that in the reign of Tiberius Caesar a certain number of persons set about the attempt of establishing a new religion in the world, in the prosecution of which purpose they voluntarily encountered great dangers, undertook great labours, sustained great sufferings, all for a miraculous story which they published wherever they came, and that the resurrection of a dead man whom during his life they had followed and accompanied was a constant part of this story. I know nothing in the above statement which can with any appearance of reason be disputed, and I know nothing in the history of the human species similar to it.

All this, and the argument of which it is the conclusion, is perfectly independent of all critical questions whatever about the New Testament, and so long as the subject is made the subject of controversy at all, it will always be the great argument in favour of the truth of Christianity. There may be ways of accounting for its prevalence without admitting its truth; but the great argument for its truth is, and always will be, that it was published to the world as true by persons who underwent great persecutions for the sake of it, and of whom some at least must have had personal knowledge of its falsehood if it was false. The praise to which Paley is entitled is that he brought out this fact with marvellous point, force, and neatness, and that he saw the importance of stating it in such a way as to keep it clear of all questions of critical detail.

The detailed criticisms which follow as to the authority and authenticity of the four Gospels, and as to their independence, are certainly less happy, and their conclusions are much more disputable. In particular, there is a chapter, abridged from Lardner, giving eleven arguments (Cambridge men will no doubt remember the old jingle of the *memoria technica*

Quoted—sui generis—vols—titles—publicly—comment—

Both sides—without doubt—condemned—catalogue—apocryphal)

to prove the authenticity of the New Testament books as we have them, which displays a singular want of appreciation of the fact that Lardner refers to no direct specific mention of the Gospels before Irenæus, near the end of the second century.

The Second Part of the *Evidences* appears to us much inferior to the First Part. Some of the chapters, indeed, afford abundant evidence of their author's extraordinary ingenuity and keenness of observation, qualities which he exercised with conspicuous success in his most characteristic, though not his greatest, book—the *Horæ Paulineæ*. One of these chapters (Chapter VIII., on the History of the Resurrection) produces almost a painful effect by the way in which it applies exceeding cleverness to a subject which it is not altogether pleasant to see cast into the *nihi prius* crucible. It is an amplification of the question, "What account can be given of the body upon the supposition of enthusiasm?" The way in which this subject is pressed, and worked backwards and forwards, excites a strange mixture of feelings. It is impossible not to admire Paley's extreme cleverness, but a sense of incongruity mingles with one's admiration, and, after all, the remark suggests itself that the accounts which we have are so short and summary that it is impossible to insist upon details. A very popular preacher once dwelt at length on this subject to a very fashionable audience, contrasting, with great satisfaction to himself, the improbability of the statement "currently reported amongst the Jews" with the statement of the Apostles themselves. He altogether forgot to observe that we have not got the Jews' account of the subject, but only the Apostles' version of the Jews' account of it, which is not exactly the same thing. Paley falls into the very same error, which is an unusual piece of carelessness with him.

The great defects of the whole book, and especially of the second part of it, are well illustrated by two chapters, one on Christian Morality and the other on the view which the early Christians themselves took of the subject of miracles. In his chapter on Christian Morality, Paley contrasts the Christian and the heroic character, and goes so far as to say that though heroism may be advantageous on particular rare occasions, quietness, passive submission, renunciation of the world, and other such qualities give far less trouble and are less calculated to disturb the common course of events, and so are in reality the more admirable qualities, and ought to be esteemed accordingly. This chapter has always seemed to us the worst and most ignoble per-

fluence that can be pointed out in any book which can in any sense of the word be called great. It is essentially mean, and it is closely connected with an observation which the whole tone of the book suggests, though it would not be easy to quote any particular passage to prove it. It is that Paley nowhere gives the least indication of his being sensible of the fact that the moral beauty of Christianity and the personal influence and character of its founder would of themselves, and quite apart from the question of miracles, exercise a prodigious influence over the first Christians. He is constantly asking what motive the first disciples could have had for running such risks and taking so much trouble, unless they had seen miracles worked which fully satisfied them that it was their interest to do so. It never seems to occur to him that they had the very strongest motive known to human nature—namely, passionate love and enthusiastic devotion, excited by the most wonderful manifestation of goodness ever vouchsafed to mankind. It is not quite easy to forgive him for missing this evident truth in his anxiety to give proof that would satisfy a court of justice of the fact of miracles having been performed; but this ought not to blind people, as it often does, to the real force of his argument, which we think is much greater than it is usually supposed to be, notwithstanding this defect.

His observations on the small importance which the early Christians appeared to attach to the whole question of miracles are closely connected with this moral obtuseness. It never seems to occur to him that there was, or indeed could be, much difference between Englishmen in the end of the eighteenth and Jews in the middle of the first century. His argument all along is continually built upon the assumption that the twelve Apostles were a sort of special jury, as much accustomed to all the rules of evidence, and as fully determined never to believe any fact whatever without judicial proof of it, as Lord Thurlow or Lord Ellenborough. The reason why they did not make more of the argument of miracles, he says, was because the prevalent belief in magic disinclined the Pagan world to pay attention to it. Hence they insisted upon other topics better suited to their taste. How far they themselves shared in the views of the Pagan world, and especially how far they were superior to their neighbours in the critical investigation or appreciation of facts, is a question of first-rate importance, but it is one which Paley either avoided designedly, or which he did not appreciate in its full strength and importance.

These, no doubt, are great defects, and, when joined to the critical imperfections of the book, may account for, and to some degree justify, the decline of its popularity. But they are also defects of which the temper of our own generation is likely to exaggerate the importance, and they ought never to lead us to forget the solidity of the principal part of the argument, the extreme acuteness which every part of it displays in almost too great profusion, and, above all, the exquisite and masterly style in which it is written—a style which shows not merely the possession of wonderful literary power, but the consciousness of addressing a most critical, well-instructed, and deeply-interested audience already well acquainted with all the main points of the subject. The more the theological and moral discussions of the eighteenth century are studied, the stronger will be the impression received, not merely of their depth and importance, and of the extraordinary ability of the disputants, but also of the keen and profoundly intelligent attention with which a great mass of readers must have followed the debate. The pleadings of advocates give a good measure of the intelligence of juries; and the thoroughness, the calmness, and the plain straightforward emphatic vigour both of the believing and of the unbelieving writers of that day give us a feeling of envy when we turn to them from the diffuse, heated, and inconclusive declamation and picturesque Scriptural renovations of our own age. With all its defects, Paley's *Evidences* is worth a cartload of *Ecclesiastical History*.

THECLA: A DRAMA.*

THE style of Mr. Bliss's drama would make us believe what the existence of such a drama makes us doubt—that the author, namely, is a person of excellent common sense. There is a fatal correctness of sentiment about it, the rhymes are unimpeachable, and the general tone has the elevation of a well-written leading article, and no more. Now and then images and words with a pretty sound appear just to assist the rhyme in persuading us that we are reading poetry. But the dramatist evidently has no sympathy with the nonsense that critics have talked about poetic fire. Poetic water, cool and clear, seems to him a fitter emblem of what the drama should be. He does not appear to approve of that excess of enthusiasm and passion which poetasters may be left to strain after if they will. Yet he has a high opinion of poetry, which he tells us has done wonderful things for himself, for in the prologue he eloquently invokes the Spirit of Song:—

Thou who hast cheered a life's laborious years,
My joys ennobled, chased away my tears,
My passions purified, my tastes refined,
And raised my morals and enlarged my mind.

In the epilogue he gets much more excited, and speaks of the working of some poetic demon within him:—

* *Thecla. A Drama.* By Henry Bliss. London: Williams & Norgate. 1866.

Mysterious powers! that fill man's mind with thought—
Since nothing is by chance—say! what decree
Brought back such shadows of the past on me?
And mixed with mine their character and speech,
And made me e'en live o'er the life of each—
Till my soul seemed the mirror they surveyed,
The wax they moulded, and the pipe they played.
Who brought them hither, and their coming timed
When woe was me except I wrote and rhymed?

We do not find much evidence in the tragedy that it was thought exactly with which the mysterious powers filled his mind, and the complaint of the last line would have run better if it had declared that woe was him *because* he wrote and rhymed. The shadows of the past which Mr. Bliss wonders at the mysterious powers for bringing back upon him are Nero, his freedman Helius, Seneca, Galba, Statilia Messalina, Nero's third wife, and Thecla, a lovely maiden for whom Nero is made to divorce Statilia. It will be seen at once, from the mere names, that there is here plenty of room for the very bloodiest of tragedies. The cruel Emperor is a host in himself to any tragedian, even of the meanest capacity. There is also a chorus of disagreeable Christians, who in the most exciting parts interrupt the dialogue by disjointed bits of disapproval of what Mr. Bliss has made Nero say and do. For example, Nero has been inquiring how the combat of the Gladiators has gone. Helius tells him that of some two hundred pair, each slew his fellow:—

Your Threx despatched his twentieth—

NERO.

Worthy wight!

I'll feast the cut-throat and his school to-night.

CHRISTIANS without.

Lift up your hearts!

NERO.

Slaves?

HELIUS.

Christians.

NERO.

Friends! They thrill

Man's soul with horror. Hark!

CHRISTIANS without.

Thou shalt not kill!

NERO.

What is't they mean?

It then appears that they have accompanied Paul to Cæsar's bar, and the gist of the play, so far as it can be said to have a gist, lies in the conversion of Thecla by Paul's preaching. Not that the dramatist has been so profane as to introduce the great Apostle. Horace does not mention preaching as one of the things which ought not to be done *coram populo*, but there can be no question as to the propriety of Mr. Bliss's reticence. The nearest approach to a discourse are the strophe, antistrophe, and epode of the Christian chorus. With these little fault can be found, as they seem to be for the most part a sort of parody of the Psalms or other pieces of Scripture. Thus:—

STROPHE.

Will the heathen for ever so rage?
Will these lords of the land and the main,
And the statesmen and wits, that enlighten their age,
Still imagine a counsel so vain?
All the princes and rulers arose with one mind,
And the senates assembled and spoke—
Break asunder his bands, give his words to the wind!
Let us shake from our shoulders the yoke.
But, enthroned in the splendours of morn,
Where the light of the universe springs,
He shall laugh the philosopher's wisdom to scorn,
And rebuke the devices of kings.

Of course this is very much more poetic and forcible than the old-fashioned version, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed, saying, Let us break their bonds asunder and cast away their cords from us."

When Nero discovers that Thecla has been converted and refuses to have any more to say to him, he is exceedingly furious, and a vastly spirited dialogue ensues. Though so spirited, it will perhaps be pronounced somewhat disjointed and spasmodic:—

NERO.

By all our gods—

THECLA.

All vanities and lies!

NERO.

That man shall perish—

THECLA.

He shall live!

NERO.

He dies!

THECLA.

Death shall not touch him, nor your menace move.

NERO.

That time shall try—

THECLA.

Eternity shall prove.

NERO.

Time and the sword—

THECLA.

Eternity and grace—
Where neither death has force, nor Cæsar place.

NERO.

But death and Cæsar here have place and force.

This is the form of dialogue which Mr. Bliss always prefers when his characters have got excited, perhaps with the idea that such an amazing staccato will breed a corresponding excitement in the minds of his readers. His success is not conspicuous. To have the right only to a fourth or fifth part of a line does not stimulate even a character of tragic height to say anything worth listening to. The great Seneca generally has at least a whole line to himself, but he can scarcely be said to show a proper sense of the privilege which is thus bestowed upon him. For instance, disowning his share in Piso's plot:—

If Piso mixed me with his mad endeavour,
I never sanctioned, never knew it, never.

That out of eleven syllables the word "never" should egotistically usurp no less than six, must be held a weakness on the part of the speaker who permitted it. Another of Seneca's lines is—

Oh my sweet wife! Philosopher, be firm!

His last speech is addressed to Statilia, to whom he says:—

We part, on different paths, perhaps for ever;
Make duty's still your preference and endeavour!
And still success your footsteps shall pursue,
As still it follows mine. Adieu!

STATILIA.

Adieu!

This would be more impressive if it were not so precisely like the way in which Mr. Byron or Mr. Burnand would have dismissed a philosopher to his doom in a burlesque. Perhaps it is the rhyme that is to blame. Yet it is possible to use rhyme, even in tragedy, without making your philosopher depart as he would at the Strand Theatre. Rhyme may be fatal to many dramatic virtues, but it is not necessarily inconsistent with a certain level of dignity. One or two couplets in the parting scene between Nero and Seneca are very wonderful. Nero says, "You've all things ready to leave life, no doubt"; to which Seneca, in a strange construction that would be unpardonable except in a philosopher, replies, "No more than man should never be without." Latin grammar has plenty of difficulties, but they are trifling compared with the grammatical difficulties of English when spoken by Roman sages. Nero, not pausing too long to ponder upon the construction of the last sentence, cries:—

Then home! and die! A sentence mercy leavens,
Or you should learn what 'tis to die, by heavens!

To which Seneca, with united majesty, vigour, and simplicity, says:—

Thanks, Cæsar.

The famous death of the philosopher is done out of the classical dictionary into verse with a laudable fidelity, and the poet has taken every pains to avoid any rash unauthenticated ideas of his own on the subject. The author has spared us the sight of the bleeding veins, and the useless hemlock, and the final suffocation in the bath, and the scene is reported by the vile Helius. In the case of the Emperor, the feelings of the audience are less carefully consulted; and if his play is ever placed on the stage, the public will hear Galba invited by Statilia:—

Galba, lo! there in agonies of death,
Weltering in blood, and gasping still for breath,
Lies the last Cæsar!

It is probably a sense of the fitness of things which has induced the dramatist to harrow the public feelings by the spectacle of the Imperial suicide. It is a wholesome thing that the pit and gallery should be taught the impressive moral lesson that the monster who put so many other people to death was extremely afraid of death for himself. Yet the impressiveness is considerably lessened by the dramatist's invincible fondness for the burlesque style. Nero makes a long speech, which might have been pathetic but for one or two half-comic sentiments that are intruded into it. He addresses his sword, and compares it with Galba's tongue:—

Rude blade! but smoother than that old man's tongue,
How like a beast's at feeding time it rung.

At the end of a couple of pages of monologue he hears some one coming. "What is it," he asks, "life or death that comes?"

Death I could bear in any form enforced,
But not the wife I banished and divorced.

This is too grotesque. The wretch has been shivering and shuddering with fear of the "rude blade," and yet the author makes him wind up about his wife as the husband in a cockney farce might be made to do. It is a pity that the mysterious powers who, as Mr. Bliss informs us, brought back the shadows of the past upon him till his soul seemed the pipe they played, did not carry their friendliness a point or two further.

GRIMBLT'S COLLECTION OF BUDDHIST MSS.*

THAT Ceylon is one of the principal seats of Buddhism, that Buddhism is one of the most important religions of mankind, that the Buddhist priests possess a sacred literature which dates from

* *Du Bouddhisme et de sa Littérature à Ceylan et en Birmanie.* Collection de M. Grimbolt, Vice-Consul de France à Ceylan. Par M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Extrait du "Journal des Savants." 1866.

several centuries before the Christian era, all this is perfectly well known. But it is less well known that though, since the beginning of this century, Ceylon has been an English colony, hardly anything has been done by the English Government to collect these interesting relics of an ancient literature, to deposit them in our public libraries, and thus to render them accessible to Oriental scholars; while the French Government—nay, it would seem, an individual French gentleman—has, during the last six years, accomplished all that could be desired. M. Grimbolt, who, on account of his eminent acquirements as an Oriental scholar, was appointed in 1859 French Consul at Ceylon, has, during his stay in that island, and during a journey to Burmah undertaken chiefly with a view of investigating the Buddhist religion in that country, succeeded in acquiring either an original MS. or a trustworthy copy of nearly every book that forms part of the sacred canon of the Buddhists. That collection will be deposited, we hope, in the Imperial Library at Paris, and it is at Paris that Oriental scholars will have to study the documents of a religion older than Mohammedanism, more largely believed in than Hinduism, and more closely resembling, on many points, the doctrines of Christianity than any other religion in the world.

Until very lately there would have been little difficulty in making such a collection. Any public-spirited official in Ceylon might have done what Mr. Hodgson did years ago in Nepal. In Nepal, too, there is a Buddhist priesthood, and they possess the same, or nearly the same, canon of sacred literature as the Buddhists of Ceylon. Only, while the religious books of Ceylon are written in Pāli, those of Nepal are composed in Sanskrit. Mr. Hodgson collected all the MSS. he could get hold of. He presented one set of MSS. to the Royal Asiatic Society in London, another to the Société Asiatique at Paris. The collection at Paris has borne fruit in the classical works of Eugène Burnouf, *Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme*, and *Le Lotus de la bonne Loi*; that in London has hitherto remained sterile. But we are afraid it is now too late to attempt a similar collection in Ceylon. The Buddhist priests, who hitherto were most ready to communicate their sacred volumes, have of a sudden become frightened. The missionaries are evidently making progress in Ceylon, and, in their controversies with the Buddhist priests, their knowledge of some of the original texts of Buddhism has proved troublesome to their opponents. Hence the reluctance on the part of the priests to show in future more of their cards than they can help. The Rev. Spence Hardy, to whom we owe several excellent works on the Buddhism of Ceylon, alludes to this change of feeling in the introduction to his last work, *The Legends and Theories of the Buddhists*:—

A controversy of great interest has recently commenced in Ceylon [he says] between the Christians and the Buddhists. The priests have purchased presses and type, and possess printing establishments of their own. They now refuse to render any assistance to the missionaries, as before, in explaining the native books, or lending those that are in their libraries for transcription. Happily, there is a copy of nearly all the sections of the canonical text and commentaries in the Wesleyan Mission library at Colombo, bequeathed to it by the late D. J. Gogerly. Tracts, pamphlets, and serials issue in large numbers from the Buddhist presses. The King of Siam and one of the native chiefs in Kandy have contributed largely towards their publication. They present some arguments that are new and ingenious; but the defiant and blasphemous expressions they contain against the sacred name of "Jehovah" are probably the most awful ever framed in human language.

M. Grimbolt, too, had considerable difficulty in carrying out his plan, and it was only through his private friendship with the high priest or Nāyaka of Dadala that he succeeded at last as well as he did. The collection which he has brought to Paris consists of eighty-seven works; and, as some of them are represented by more than one copy, the total number of MSS. amounts to one hundred and twenty-one. They fill altogether 14,000 leaves, and are written on palm leaves, partly in Singhalese, partly in Burmese characters. Next to Ceylon, Burmah and Siam are the two countries most likely to yield large collections of Pāli MSS., and the MSS. which now exist in Ceylon may most likely, to a considerable extent, be traced back to these two countries. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Tamil conquerors of Ceylon are reported to have burnt every Buddhist book they could discover, in the hope of thus destroying the vitality of that detested religion. Buddhism, however, though persecuted—or, more probably, because persecuted—remained the national religion of the island, and in the eighteenth century it had recovered its former ascendancy. Missions were sent to Siam to procure authentic copies of the sacred documents; priests properly ordained were imported from Burmah; and several libraries, which contain both the canonical and the profane literature of Buddhism, were founded at Dadala, Ambagapitya, and other places.

The sacred canon of the Buddhists is called the *Tripitaka*, i. e. the three baskets. The first basket contains all that has reference to morality, or *Vinaya*; the second contains the *Sūtras*, i. e. the discourses of Buddha; the third includes all works treating of dogmatic philosophy or metaphysics. The second and third baskets are sometimes comprehended under the general name of *Dharma*, or law, and it has become usual to apply to the third basket the name of *Abhidharma*, or by-law. The first and second *pīṭakas* contain each five separate works; the third contains seven. M. Grimbolt has secured MSS. of nearly every one of these works, and he has likewise brought home copies of the famous commentaries of Buddhaghosha. These commentaries are of great importance; for although Buddhaghosha lived as late as 430 A.D., he is supposed to have been the translator of more ancient

commentaries, brought in 316 B.C. to Ceylon from Magadha by Mahinda, the son of Asoka, translated by him from Pāli into Singhalese, and retranslated by Buddhaghosha into Pāli, the original language both of the canonical books and of their commentaries. Whether historical criticism will allow to the commentaries of Buddhaghosha the authority due to documents of the fourth century before Christ, is a question that has yet to be settled. But even as a collector of earlier traditions and as a writer of the fifth century after Christ, his authority will be considerable with regard to the solution of some of the most important problems of Indian history and chronology. Some scholars who have written on the history of Buddhism have clearly shown too strong an inclination to treat the statements contained in the commentaries of Buddhaghosha as purely historical, forgetting the great interval of time by which he is separated from the events which he relates. No doubt, if it could be proved that Buddhaghosha's works were literal translations of the so-called Atthakathās or commentaries brought by Mahinda to Ceylon, this would considerably enhance their historical value. But the whole account of these translations rests on tradition, and if we consider the extraordinary precautions taken, according to tradition, by the LXX translators of the Old Testament, and then observe the discrepancies between the chronology of the Septuagint and that of the Hebrew text, we shall be better able to appreciate the risk of trusting to Oriental translations, even to those that pretend to be literal. The idea of a faithful literal translation seems altogether foreign to Oriental minds. Granted that Mahinda translated the original Pāli commentaries into Singhalese, there was nothing to restrain him from inserting anything that he thought likely to be useful to his new converts. Granted that Buddhaghosha translated these translations back into Pāli, why should he not have incorporated any facts that were then believed in and had been handed down by tradition from generation to generation? Was he not at liberty—nay, would he not have felt it his duty—to explain apparent difficulties, to remove contradictions, and to correct palpable mistakes? In our time, when even the contemporaneous evidence of Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, or Jornandes is sifted by the most uncompromising scepticism, we must not expect a more merciful treatment for the annals of Buddhism. Scholars engaged in special researches are too willing to acquiesce in evidence, particularly if that evidence has been discovered by their own efforts and comes before them with all the charms of novelty. But, in the broad daylight of historical criticism, the prestige of such a witness as Buddhaghosha soon dwindles away, and his statements as to kings and councils eight hundred years before his time are in truth worth no more than the stories told of Arthur by Geoffrey of Monmouth, or the accounts we read in Livy of the early history of Rome.

One of the most important works of M. Grimblot's collection, and one that we hope will soon be published, is a history of Buddhism in Ceylon, called the *Dipavansa*. The only work of the same character which has hitherto been known is the *Mahāvansa*, published by an energetic member of the Indian Civil Service, the Hon. G. Turnour. But this is professedly based on the *Dipavansa*, and is probably of a much later date. Mahānāma, the compiler of the *Mahāvansa*, lived about 500 A.D. His work was continued by later chroniclers to the middle of the 18th century. Though Mahānāma wrote towards the end of the fifth century after Christ, his own share of the chronicle seems to have ended with the year 302 A.D., and a commentary which he wrote on his own chronicle likewise breaks off at that date. The exact date of the *Dipavansa* is not yet known; but as it likewise breaks off with the death of Mahāsena in 302 A.D., we cannot ascribe to it, for the present, any higher authority than could be commanded by a writer of the fourth century after Christ.

We owe our knowledge of this important collection of Buddhist MSS., brought to Paris by M. Grimblot, to a report written by M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire in the *Journal des Savants*. Few men are better able to point out the real value of this collection than the thoughtful author of *Le Bouddhisme*; and if there could have been any doubt on the part of the French Government as to the desirableness of securing this collection of MSS. for the Imperial library, the elaborate report of the eminent Academician must have removed it. The public at large, and Ministers in particular, are naturally inclined to mistrust the glowing accounts given by scholars engrossed by their special studies, of the discovery of new MSS., new antiquities, or new works of art. The dilemma is always how to trust a man who may be the only man competent to form an opinion, and yet who cannot by any possibility be supposed to form an unbiassed opinion. Here the advice of men like M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire is invaluable. He is not an Oriental scholar by profession, but he has learnt enough of Sanskrit to enable him to make an intelligent use of the labours of others. He approaches Oriental literature with a mind matured by the study of classical history and philosophy, and his discernment of what is really important is not likely to be warped by what is so apt to deceive those who are engaged in special researches—the difficulty of estimating results that may have required years of hard labour, but which are frequently in themselves of no value whatever.

There are many books which reflect the highest credit on the industry of their authors, but which, far from producing any useful results, only inflict on others the necessity of wasting precious hours in their perusal. In Oriental literature, in particular, the publication of many a huge volume has proved a real misfortune. Because a scholar has wasted ten years of his life in finding out that certain Arabic commentaries or Sanskrit treatises are mere

twaddle and trash, must he therefore inflict on others the same penalty by printing MSS. which he has copied, instead of throwing them into the fire and just warning others against ever diving into that slough of despond? It is useless to preach to deaf ears, and what is there so inane and futile in Oriental literature that could not be proved to be of superlative importance—nay, quite indispensable for any one who claims to possess a scholarlike knowledge of Sanskrit, or Arabic, or Persian, or Hebrew? It is here where the verdict of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire may be productive of great good. He knows what the world at large has a right to expect from Oriental scholars; he knows the problems that may be solved by new evidence to be obtained from the ancient literatures of the East; he can point out what is urgent and what may wait. This is what he has done in the articles to which we owe at present all that is known of the treasures collected by M. Grimblot. He has not only put before the public the value of the whole collection, as furnishing authentic information on one of the most important religions of the world, but he has pointed out which of these MSS. are really worth publishing, which ought to be printed first, how far they ought to be translated, and how far it would be desirable to edit the commentaries as well as the texts. We do not want an edition of all the Buddhist commentaries, and commentaries upon commentaries. What may be important to the Buddhist priests at Dadala is not therefore important in the eyes of scholars in England. Each subject in the history of the world must take its proper place, and, in accordance with the rules of historical perspective, the dimensions of distant objects must be reduced. We do not want to know all about the Buddhist cosmology, we can dispense with much of their mystic philosophy, and a few of their legends will be quite sufficient for all purposes. Why is a scholar of the nineteenth century to waste his time in poring over the lucubrations of Buddhists or Brahmins as to the proper postures to be assumed in mystic contemplations, or as to the proper length of a ladle for pouring melted butter upon the sacrificial fire? It is easy to say that in scholarship there is nothing that is not important. It may be so, but one thing is most important—and that is, never to lose sight of the true object of all scholarship, the diffusion of useful knowledge. Here the advice of men like M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire ought to be listened to by Oriental scholars, although they may know a great deal more of Sanskrit and Pāli than he does. It is no answer to his arguments to point out that in discussing the merits of certain branches of Oriental literature, he has occasionally made a mistake—that he has written, for instance, *Mahāsina* instead of *Mahāsena*—and that he has confounded the metrical *Kārikās* or *versus memoriales* of Sanskrit grammarians with the prose *Kārikā* of *Vāmana*. We confess we are rather surprised to find a man so great in other subjects so familiar with the most minute points of Hindu religion, philosophy, and literature, and we would willingly extend to him and to others who occasionally let in a little fresh air into the frouzy stables of useless learning, the privilege claimed by members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, who, when discussing Indian cases, agree that no one shall be blamed for mispronouncing such names as Bhugwandass Purshotundas, Dinshawjee Dorabjee, and the like.

ELSTER'S FOLLY.*

MRS. WOOD has been cursed with a trade success. By one lucky hit she reached a point of literary prosperity which, with her superficial powers, has proved absolutely fatal to her future progress. Since *East Lynne* she has not put forth one novel that has been well-studied or carefully thought; all have borne the same marks of haste and shallowness which disfigure *Elster's Folly*, and in all she has relied for interest on the story only, and on nothing else. Her style is bad, her English is shipshod and full of faults, her characters are seldom natural, her dialogue is vulgar when she would have it easy, and stilted when she wishes it to be refined, her reflections are of the tritest and most trivial kind, and, save in the art of construction, she fails utterly in all that constitutes a novel-writer of the higher class. Yet she is undeniably popular, though who are the people that can find pleasure or profit in her writings is to us a puzzle not to be easily solved.

This new book of hers is about the worst of the series; undeniably the most vulgar in detail, the most uninteresting in character, and the most ridiculous as a picture of life and manners. Surely never was such a caricature drawn as that of the old Countess Dowager of Kirton, who is perpetually "executing a war dance," and whose gaudy, flimsy, tumbled dress is mainly composed of tails of ribbon or of "quilled lace." More rapacious than a burglar, coarser than a street woman, insolent, a tippler, unable to spell decently, the most barefaced intriguer—though the word is too subtle to express the clumsy rudeness of her arts—an unfeeling woman, and an unnatural mother, she must be meant, one would think, as a portrait painted from some living model, though posterously over-coloured. One cannot choose but smile, not at the accuracy of the author's touches, but at the womanish pettiness with which she has worked on this character. And this word brings us to the heart of Mrs. Wood's shortcomings—her pettiness. This is the secret of her vulgarity, and of the total want of depth or life-likeness in her characters. Unable to see human nature in a

* *Elster's Folly*. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "*East Lynne*," "*St. Martin's Eve*," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers.

broad or noble form, she tries to make up for the loss of grandeur by a display of insignificant details which express nothing, and only encumber the reader with meaningless descriptions. When she says that a person wipes his face with a handkerchief rolled into a ball, what special action of the mind, what struggle of passionate emotion, is figured in that commonplace fact? And what possible image of sane humanity can the reader get from reading of a fat snub-nosed old woman dancing and shrieking on every possible occasion, with a minute description of the colour and material of her gowns and turbans to help the fancy, including tails of quilled lace flying on all sides from the skirt? We have seldom read anything coarser than this character of the old Countess Dowager. Even Mrs. Trollope's Widow Barnaby was not more revolting, and it was a good deal cleverer. Take the scene at the breakfast-table, where she is caught picking at the dishes, and, in spite of her long apprenticeship to good living, is ignorant of their names and materials; dressed "in a washed-out old buff dressing-gown, with torn frills and short in the skirts, and a nightcap with a flapping border." Did anybody ever write anything more wearisomely coarse and dull than this whole scene? Then the scene at the end, where she makes her final exit, after having raved and raged like a Billingsgate woman—when she rubs her hot face, totally forgetting the carmine, and "her cheeks grow into stripes like a tiger's coat"; when she interrupts her son-in-law by "Will you have done? you would talk a saint's tongue out of him"; when, unable to speak, she "makes a face" at this same son-in-law; and when, after a greedy bargain about money and wine, first "smacking her lips," and then bethinking herself of propriety, she melts into tears and sobs, and "makes her face more strypan than before," finally ending by tea and brandy. Can Mrs. Wood seriously put this forward as a scene of life and manners possible to the people she depicts? Has she ever known in the flesh a Countess Dowager whose society the better-conditioned of our very servants would think degrading and repulsive? Indeed, the whole character is a stupid lampoon. In a veteran writer, such as Mrs. Wood is now, the portrait is a gross mistake, and shows to what pitiable shifts a popular author can be reduced when tempted to turn out the stipulated tale of bricks with not a sufficient amount of straw to knead into the looser clay.

Elster's Folly is not the name of a place, as one might suppose, nor yet of one foolish action, but of the besetting sin of irresolution and vacillation with which the hero, Val, or Percival Elster, is afflicted. Not vicious, only weak—not cowardly, only sensitive—this precious gentleman, whom the reader is expected to love very much, and to admire and sympathize with intensely, contrives to entangle his feet in a goodly-sized net of iniquity before he has done; slipping into snares and walking straightforward down precipices with the most astounding amount of silliness ever yet ascribed to a lady's hero. Of course he commits bigamy, but, being an amiable fool, he commits it innocently, and does not intend to wrong Lady Maude when he makes her his wife. His real wrongdoing in that interesting transaction is disreputable enough; for while he has suffered himself to be entrapped by the old dowager and her daughter, he has been all the while engaged to the girl he really loves, and for a considerable part of the story stands in the pleasant position of a man betrothed to two women at once, with a Scotch wife in the background. However, things all come right in time, and by opportune deaths; and the story floats into a haven of domestic bliss highly edifying to all concerned—Val, now Earl of Hartledon, leaving off with a text which he wants to see printed on an embossed card and hung up at his sons' "bed's foot," "that it might meet their eyes always, last ere the evening's sleeping, in the morning's first awaking." This is a tag quite in Mrs. Wood's way, and on which it would seem she rests much of her claim to the consideration of respectable English families. It is a safe card to play, as public taste goes, but it ought not to stand in the place of careful workmanship and true artistic power.

The peculiarity of the plot of *Elster's Folly* is the perfect concealment of the real secret, with the false trail of an apparent complication, that turns out to be no complication at all, drawn across the reader's path. All the weight of evidence and suspicion goes to make the reader believe that Val is to get into trouble for his brothers' deaths. He has had two brothers Earls of Hartledon before him, and both have died under suspicious circumstances, leaving him now the possessor of the earldom. And when a mysterious trouble seizes on Val, and a mysterious stranger invades his house and destroys his peace, and we see him for ever closeted with a legal friend, it is but natural to suppose that it all has some connection with one or other of these strangely opportune deaths. Also, when a melodramatic ruffian who lives in a barn on the Hartledon estate is always turning up when least wanted, and speaking in dark hints and with a decidedly unpleasant accent of command, it is also natural to suppose that he is somehow or other mixed up with what is probably a murder, or murders, and that he is really guilty, while appearances are strong against an innocent man. But the secret and the sin lie in quite another direction; and in this double play of suspicion and actuality Mrs. Wood has shown something of that old cunning in the weaving of her plot which has been the main cause of her success, and which now threatens to be the main cause of her downfall. For, like many people with a profitable vein, she is working it too exclusively; and we doubt if she or any one else will ever permanently satisfy the public with slag and clink in the place of solid metal.

The disguise of Tom Pike is very transparent. The experienced reader knows all about him from the first, and can penetrate

the meaning of poor Mrs. Gum's terrors, and the black hair harmonizing so ill with the small pale eyes, and the obscure chord of recognition touched in Val Elster's brain, and all the other stock signs whereby a disguise is labelled, and the true personality indicated. But Tom Pike runs somewhat into sand at last; and the confusion between him and Gordon, and then between Gordon and Gorton, is perplexing by its unnecessary obscurity, not interesting by its subtle interweaving, adding greatly to the difficulties of comprehension, but nothing to the enrichment of the plot. This, too, is a snare very tempting to one whose forte lies in the intricacy of a story rather than in the development of character.

Mrs. Wood has not attempted anything like psychological exposition in this book. Val Elster with his Folly is the only bit of character-painting worthy of the name, for the old Countess Dowager is nothing better than an unsightly scarecrow set up on springs, mainly for the purpose of executing war-dances; Anne Ashton is the mere model young lady of proper novels, without specific individuality of her own; Lady Maude is a contradiction, and we take leave of her finally in a charming state of uncertainty as to what she is meant to be; and the elder brother is a walking gentleman, with a dash of family likeness to Val, but an unsubstantial and shadowy person at the best. Of the minor characters, in spite of the elaborate outside descriptions of some, there are none who leave on us anything like a flesh-and-blood impression; they are all just so many wooden dolls ticked off under different names and dresses. What else can be expected with so much haste and carelessness as are evident throughout this book? If writers will not give themselves time to do their best, the result cannot be satisfactory; and if they think it wiser to make haste to do much than to be careful to do well, they must accept with philosophy the oblivion which must in the end overtake them. Mrs. Wood had a fair start, and she has good powers of a certain sort. In *East Lynne* she touched a chord that vibrated through every woman's heart, but in *Elster's Folly* she has not caught even an echo of the true melody. The *Shadow of Ashlydyat*, though dreadfully tedious, had a certain amount of weird oddity, if marred by great silliness and some childishness. *Verner's Pride* had a dash of humour in Mrs. Peckaby and her white donkey; and the *Channings* and *Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles* were respectable, if somewhat dull, and too much disposed to play at Providence. But *Elster's Folly* has neither humour nor solemnity; it is almost as dull as *Oswald Cray*, certainly more vulgar, and quite as little true to nature.

A note suffixed tells us that the story is true in its leading incident, and that it "took place in a noble family some years ago." Then the note goes on to say, apologetically, "It has not been a very pleasant story to write of"; but, if so, why did Mrs. Wood write it? What kind of moral obligation was she under to tell it, if painful to her feelings? The world would have gone on quite as well without it, and she might have employed her time more congenially to herself, as well as more profitably to the public. Of all species of cant, that of assuming a moral obligation to tell an unpleasant story is the most indefensible. No novelist is compelled to make choice of a disagreeable subject, and if Mrs. Wood knew that she was sinning against good taste, her confession of consciousness will not mend the matter. Her sin, however, does not lie so much in her choice of subject as in the treatment of it; and, unless she is too fixed and hardened in the bad way to learn and amend, she may take warning by her present failure, and give herself in future more time to do justice to such literary capacity as she undoubtedly possesses.

GALIFFE'S DANO-GERMAN QUESTION.*

IT has always been very difficult, and late events will make it more difficult still, to get Englishmen to take any intelligent interest in the Danish question. We say intelligent interest, because it is a question which has certainly raised a good deal of mere excitement on both sides. But very few English partisans either of Denmark or of Germany could give any reason for the faith that was in them. German partisans had seldom anything to say except to talk about the rights of nationalities, without having at all gone into the question whether the rights of nationalities had really anything to do with the matter. Danish advocates had nothing better to say than that it was wrong for a great State to bully a little one, or else that the Danes were our ancient kinsfolk. Lately indeed the Danish side was reinforced by a more convincing argument than all—namely, that the Prince of Wales had married the King of Denmark's daughter. Now all these arguments on both sides are capable of being retorted with excellent effect. If the German claims the dignity of an oppressed nationality in South Schleswig, the Dane may equally claim it in North Schleswig. As for ethnological kindred, if the High-German is further from us than the Dane, the Low-German is nearer to us; and our nearest kinsman of all, the Frisian, might perhaps have something to say against both parties. If we were always to go in for the small against the great, the controversy placed us fairly between two bundles of hay. If Denmark was small as compared with Germany, she was great as compared with Schleswig and Holstein. Then, if the Queen's son had married the King of Denmark's daughter, had not the Queen's daughter married the King of

* *La Question et la Polémique Dano-Allemande à propos des Duchés de Slesvig et de Holstein, dès les premiers temps jusqu'en Juin 1866.* Par J. B. G. Galiffe, Dr. en Droit et Professeur. Genève. 1866.

Prussia's son? Some might even go so far as to doubt whether the King of Denmark and his daughter had any right to be called Danes at all. The measure of the popular knowledge of the matter may be judged of from the fact that it was safe to address a Princess of the House of Oldenburg as a daughter of Sea-Kings.

What makes this question so specially hard to master really is this. Most controversies of this sort start from 1814-5. Those years act as a sort of archonship of Euclides. They are the limit of legal memory. If disputants go back to earlier times, they have to conduct their arguments in a different way. Take Poland for instance. If a man arraigns the conduct of Russia with regard to the Kingdom of Poland, he arraigns it on the ground of distinct breach of treaties. The recognised law of Europe is trampled under foot. But if a man argues that Lithuania and Wolhynia ought to be separated from Russia, he demands it, not as a matter of treaty obligation, but as a matter of public morality. It is not the written law of Europe, but a supposed higher law, which is held to be trampled under foot. The one line of argument may be properly used by a Foreign Secretary, the other belongs either to conquerors or to popular orators. If the question about Schleswig could start only from 1814-5, it would be a great deal simpler. But to understand the arguments on either side, it is necessary to plunge into the depths of mediæval law and history, and into a portion of mediæval history of which the world at large knows absolutely nothing, and of which even professed historical scholars very often do not know much. We have a notion of Cnut the Great, because he belongs to us as much as to Denmark; we may have just heard the name of Waldemar the Victorious; everybody knows that Queen Margaret united the three Scandinavian Kingdoms, though few people have any idea of Queen Margaret beyond that one fact. We have a general idea, perhaps a little exaggerated, of Christian the Second, against whom Gustavus Vasa revolted, and one a little vaguer still of Christian the Fourth as having a share in the Thirty Years' War. In our own land Queen Anne of Denmark and Prince George of Denmark flit across the scene without arousing any special curiosity as to either themselves or their ancestors. A little later we have a sort of impression of the existence of romantic tales about Count Struensee and Queen Matilda. With these few exceptions, none of which throw any light on the relations of Denmark and the Duchies, all is darkness till we begin to sing the renown of Nelson and the North, and the history of Denmark is merged in the general history of Europe in the present century.

The fact then is that, in a question which, argued as it is on both sides, turns almost wholly upon the facts of past history, hardly any Englishman has that knowledge of the history which alone can enable him to judge impartially or intelligently of the matter. It will not do to attempt to get up the history simply with a view to the controversy. Half measures of this sort do not answer. No intelligent knowledge can be gained by going through a period of history of which we are otherwise quite ignorant, with the object of getting up one incidental side of it. A history which is very far from dull in itself is apt to seem exceedingly dull when it is used solely to get out of it some materials for a legal and genealogical controversy. A person who has already thoroughly mastered the histories of Denmark and North Germany has a right to be listened to as to the relations between Denmark and Schleswig. But one who has never thought of any Danish matter at all except in connection with the controversy will never be able to get any intelligent view of the controversy. This seems to us to be the real explanation of the lack of interest on the part of most people, the lack of intelligent interest on the part of nearly every one, with regard to this famous dispute. In the way in which it is put by both sides, it cannot be at once determined by reference to modern treatises. It involves an amount of historical knowledge which very few even of professed historical scholars possess.

M. Galiffe is a warm advocate of the cause of Denmark. The sympathies of Switzerland were divided on the Danish question. Community of language and other ties of the same kind gained for Germany a good deal of sympathy in the German Cantons; but we believe we may say that in the country generally, and most certainly in the Burgundian Cantons, the majority was decidedly the other way. The feelings of a citizen of Lausanne or Geneva were naturally attracted towards Denmark by several causes. The cause of Denmark was naturally looked on as the cause of small States in general, and the countervailing influence which might lead men in the German Cantons the other way did not exist to balance this belief. Secondly, the sort of doctrine on which the cause of "Schleswig-Holstein" mainly rested would produce very unpleasant results in Western Switzerland. M. Galiffe and his immediate countrymen naturally speak a Romance language, and their literary tongue is the same as that of Paris. But they have not the faintest wish to be tacked on to the great Romance-speaking Power to the West of them, or to be in any way separated from their Teutonic Confederates to the East. M. Galiffe, we have no doubt, is as good a Swiss as if his forefathers had fought at Sempach. It may be very improper that members of the Latin race should have no fellow-feeling for the great chief of the Latin race, no desire to find themselves under his beneficent rule, but so the unhappy fact is. They find by experience that men can get on, though two or three languages are spoken in the same Confederation, sometimes even in the same Canton. They therefore see nothing *prima facie* monstrous in the union of Danish,

German, and mixed districts under one government, and they have an uncomfortable feeling that the dogmas propounded as to the relation of Danes and Germans may some day be applied, whenever it may suit the interests of any great Power to apply them, to the case of Romance and Teutonic-speaking Swiss.

This is the natural feeling of M. Galiffe's countrymen—a feeling which of course proves absolutely nothing as to the right or wrong of the controversy between Denmark and Germany, but which is at least more rational than the sort of unreasoning impulses which led Englishmen to one side or the other, more commonly to the side of Denmark. But M. Galiffe himself goes far beyond this. He has evidently studied the whole question on both sides with extraordinary research. He is a strong, one might see a vehement, partisan of Denmark, but he is at any rate able to give a reason for his partisanship. We think his book is altogether the fullest account of the whole matter that we have ever seen. Mr. Gosch, writing on the same side, is fuller for the particular part which his book takes in; but then Mr. Gosch's immediate subject takes in only the period from 1815 to 1862. M. Galiffe extends his view over four more years at one end and over more than a thousand at the other, and takes in from 811 to 1866. He goes resolutely and connectedly through the whole story, from the first mention of the Eider as a frontier, not quite to the battle of Sadowa, which would have required the gift of prophecy, but to what were the last events when he wrote—that is, down to the beginning of co-operation between Prussia and Italy against Austria. The Danish side of the question need hardly wish for either a more zealous or a better-informed advocate. We do not say that, even with M. Galiffe's help, it is not a matter of considerable effort to get up the ancient legal and genealogical details of the controversy; and though we see no sign of unfairness towards his adversaries, or of suppression of their arguments, we think M. Galiffe would have done better in some places if he had adopted a rather calmer tone. The truth is that M. Galiffe's book fills a sort of ambiguous position between a pamphlet and a history; but, in a large part, it approaches so nearly to the nature of a history that we could have been well pleased to see all traces of the pamphleteer laid aside. Mr. Gosch, a native Dane, is less vehement than M. Galiffe, a stranger to both the contending nationalities.

The part of M. Galiffe's book which is most likely to interest English readers is not that which deals with the strictly legal aspects of the controversy, but that in which he details the very curious processes by which the Germanization of a large part of Schleswig was effected. One would hardly have expected to find loyal subjects of the Danish Kings, and to some extent the Danish Kings themselves, taking a large share in the work. But, as M. Galiffe truly says, the doctrine of nationalities is a very new one. In the last century nearly every country took to imitating some other country. In most parts of the world people took to French models; in Denmark they took to German models. Indeed they had taken to them long before. The Kings were of German descent; so were the mass of the nobles of Schleswig, so were mainly the people of the towns, while the great body of the rural population was, and still is, Danish. German then, a fashionable tongue even in Denmark itself, was distinctly the fashionable tongue in Schleswig. The German propaganda, which since 1815 has gone on with a political object, went on then without any political object at all. German and Danish stood in much the same relation to each other as English and Welsh do in Wales. It was thought a good work to Germanize the people, and nobody thought that by so doing he was in the least tampering with their Danish loyalty. Any one familiar with the mixed districts of Wales will find parallels to all M. Galiffe's facts—and we may add to the facts of the other side also. In a mixed district it is impossible to do ideal justice to both sides; before hearing the pleadings on either side we should be quite certain that the Germans must be wronged in some places and the Danes in others. We are prepared to hear that Danish has been forced on a certain number of Germans, and that German has been forced on a certain number of Danes. The remarkable thing is what M. Galiffe so strongly brings out, that the process of forcing German upon Danes was so largely carried on, if not by native Danes, yet by men locally, and even servilely, attached to the Danish Government. One can parallel both sets of facts in Wales. It would be easy to point out parishes where a dominant Welsh feeling has denied its rights to an English minority, and it would be equally easy to point out parishes where clergymen, themselves Welshmen, have seized on every excuse for stopping Welsh services and substituting English. We hope however that neither side goes quite so far as some clergymen in Schleswig are said to have done, arguing in this sort of fashion. "We speak German; our flocks understand only Danish; our usefulness is thereby sadly marred; it is the duty of everybody to learn the language of his pastor; so let measures be taken to encourage German and discourage Danish." Such a feeling was not universal. German clergymen sometimes from the same facts made opposite inferences; they felt themselves to be of no use, and honestly said that Danish clergymen would do better. King Frederick the Sixth in his earlier days stepped in on the same side, not from any political feeling, but simply as a just man who tried to stop a state of things which was clearly unjust. It was only at a later period of his administration that the question of language was found out to be capable of political significance.

Another point to be borne in mind is that the natural tongue of Holstein, and of the German-speaking part of Schleswig, is not High-German, but Low. Low-Dutch might, if it pleased, fairly

raise an outcry on its own account. But the process of driving out the old language of North Germany is not peculiar to these Duchies, and it does not appear clear whether it is anywhere felt as a grievance. To be sure the grievance has no great chance, as it would be hard to give it the best chance that a grievance can have—that of connecting it with some political dispute. Then again we have our own nearest kinsmen of all, the Frisians, who speak neither of the contending tongues, but what we may fairly call our own tongue, less its Romance infusion and the accompanying changes. One or two other odd things with regard to language turn up here and there. The Danish of Schleswig—and of Jutland too—is, naturally enough, not the high-polite Danish of Copenhagen, any more than the French of Jersey is the high-polite French of Paris. But, as William the Conqueror would understand a Jerseyman and would not understand a Parisian, so we suspect that Cnut would understand the Danish of Schleswig, and might be puzzled with that of Copenhagen. But the inference of some extreme Germanizers is odd; namely, that Schleswig Danish, a mere barbarous patois, which the Danes themselves cannot understand, need be taken no notice of at all, and that it is no greater hardship for a Schleswig Dane to be ordered off to a German church than to a high-polite Danish one.

We have dwelt more on this part of M. Galiffe's book than on the strictly political portion. It is a very forcible pleading on his own side of the question. Like all such pleadings on both sides, it seems unanswerable till you hear the other side. If there ever was a case for compromise, geographical compromise, this is one. Accepting all M. Galiffe's facts as to the origin and progress of the Germanization of part of Schleswig, that Germanization is a fact, and it is now a political fact. It may be a pity that difference of language has ever been made a political question at all; but so it here is, and the fact must be looked in the face. But the result of the last war is a distinct injury to the Danish part of the Duchy, which has now its turn for a grievance.

We will not follow M. Galiffe through his discussion of English policy with regard to the matter. We only wish to relieve him of one error. Where could he have learned that the *Saturday Review* was "l'organe de la cour"? That is an honour to which we certainly never aspired, and which we must have reached quite unconsciously.

LIONEL MERVAL.*

IT is a comfort to find that the Americans are not the only people who can write English so sublime as scarcely to be comprehensible by those who only know that tongue in its ordinary form. The author of *Lionel Merval* is a master of the art of rhapsody, and can deck out his bits of ideas with a gorgeous splendour that may fill the plain writer with envy and despair. Though his story is absurd and entirely conventional, and though any notions that he has are quite easy and on the surface, the gorgeousness of the language in which he clothes this slender skeleton of thought and construction makes the reader take breath and wonder. As it is a prevailing complaint that the age is too exclusively given up to a prosaic view of life and nature, and that the fine transcendental trumpet gives no full sound, such a book ought not to be allowed to pass without a slight notice. It is a very silly book, but people who cry out for impassioned prose must not expect to get common sense at the same time. If a spade is not to be called a spade, one has no right to grumble if there is some want of lucidity. We must not expect mere ordinary human motives and conduct from a character of whom it can be said that "after the sun had set, and when the vast plain seemed to stir in its mysterious stillness with the night breeze, like some monster awakening slowly to a new life, and when the imperial star of Jove, the Chaldean Bel-Merodach of milder but more glorious lustre than the vagrant Venus, rose over the slightly surging sea, and the great Western hills seemed to come down closer to the shore, then the dreamer was altogether lost to this world." At this enchanted season "he would gaze for hours, far into the night, on his brilliant star-world, now plunged into the floating white cloud, and now standing still in the blue firmament, till his spirit seemed to break forth from its bond and to tread the golden halls of that new world and to gaze on its wooded hills and flowery vales," and so on. And this extraordinary person's brother was equally sublime in his own way. What the Chaldean Bel-Merodach did for one, the magic sounds of the Æolian harp did for the other. For "with these swelling and dying sounds his very soul seemed to melt into melody itself, and as he closed his eyes and listened, Fancy carried him helpless to the ends of the earth—now seated on an Alpine brow, or gathering the perfumed Pyrenean flowers, or gliding gently over some Eastern sea, or, as the sounds swelled into chorus, looking on the crash of battle or the wreck of ruined cities." These two excellent lads have a very common-place and rather bad-tempered sire, who, it need scarcely be said, failed to enter very fully into the Æolian and Bel-Merodachian natures. And, on the whole, one sympathizes with him. Most fathers would find it unpleasant to enter a son's room and discover him seated in a placid trance, "with eyes closed and pale trembling cheeks and lips," and, in reply to some civil remark, to hear him murmur as to unseen spirits, "Are my senses so dull that they have no understanding, or are they thick with the earth's fogs and vapours? Would that the brain of man might live alone in its cell, and cast off the

garments that hinder its thoughts." In the real world it might be pretty safe to answer that his senses were so dull that they had no understanding, but it is not well to intrude matter-of-fact considerations into this sublime atmosphere. Our wonderful author warns us in a prologue that "to paint the human world more as it should be, and might be—without forgetting what it really is—seems to be a proper enterprise." It is obvious that this liberal canon of composition rather interferes with criticism. If it is a proper enterprise to paint the world as it might be, of course it is waste of time to complain that a writer has chosen to fill his foreground with a crowd of idiots and angels mixed in fair proportion. It would be unpleasant to think that this represents what the world "should be," though it is consolatory to reflect that we are a long way from such amazing shapes of perfection.

The two brothers are in love with the same girl, who unhappily dies. The one finds the other kneeling at her tomb. "Didst thou love her, Clement?" he asks. "Lionel, couldst thou have died for her?" "Died!" exclaimed the other, "with a voice that almost went through the whole building"—by the way, we hate this sceptical sort of "almost"—"Didst thou say died? I have died for her every day since I left this land of my love. Died!" Eventually Lionel "pressed his brother to his heart," and they come to terms, Lionel in the handsomest manner declaring that, as his bride is safe in heaven, "There—in that land—she shall be thine as well as mine." Clement gratefully accepts the offer, slowly repeating the words, "She shall be thine as well as mine." This is all very well, but as they are creeping stealthily away they hear a sound of music, and find the minstrel to be the son of the parish clerk. On being roughly interrogated, "What means this?" the youth answers, "boldly but respectfully," that he too had loved her. "Poor and humble," he nobly cries, "I have a soul like yours that can love beauty and innocence, and in heaven she may be mine also as well as yours." No wonder that Lionel pushed him aside, or that "the words grated on his heart." Having just vowed that "Jealousy, that noxious plant, cannot grow in that world, for it will be burnt up in the pure flame of love," he was estopped from a too severe remonstrance. But, naturally, the carnal heart rather rebelled at the notion of half a dozen bridegrooms for its beloved. However, the landscape came to the rescue. "The mist disappeared, and the stars shone out; behind them the love-star was shining over the western hills in all its mild splendour." So all ended without any breach of the peace. And this, we confess, is the way in which the world might be and should be.

But, as we have seen, the author does not think it consistent with a proper enterprise to forget the world as it really is. On the whole, we would gladly have forgiven him the inconsistency in order to avoid the horrible beings whom he appears to design for the representatives of the realism of the human world. The creatures who represent the should-be and might-be make us laugh, but those who are thrown in to give an air of verisimilitude to the story have not even this merit; they are simply vulgar and hateful. The author evidently wants to make us all fall in love with a bride whose playful speech to her lord on the way from the altar to the vestry ran thus:—"Now I suppose I am a slave for life, or till I can free myself; you will see what a business you have made for yourself this fine September morning, Mr. Frederick! You don't suppose I shall say with King David, 'Thy statutes shall be my songs.' " And still more irresistibly charming is the statement that "Clara just had time, as they reached the vestry, to give her husband his first marital elap on the ears." All through the book this agreeable lady makes it her business to give the author a constant opportunity of exhibiting his truly fine sense of humour. A chapter gracefully headed "Clara at Rest on her Couch" informs us that the bride has become a mother, and describes a scene of convulsing fun in which the proud father takes a pint of "lovely port" in his wife's room, allows it to get into his head, and then tosses the new-born infant madly about the room. We should be thankful to get back again to Bel-Merodach and the soul-sounds of the Æolian harp, after this tipsy stuff. Though it should be said that Clara, before she had any occasion to be at rest on her couch, or to inflict marital slaps, could talk as magnificently as the best of them. To a stern father she exclaims, "You cruel men may shut up your daughters in their honeysucked houses in England; but if ye bring them to this land, where laughter is in every zephyr's face, and freedom lives in every line and lineament of nature, in that peerless brow of sunny snow, in the loosened avalanche, the headlong torrent, in the very birds of heaven and beasts of the earth, in the very flowers that wander where they will, and in the fleecy clouds that float and rest in their blue sea as they have desire—woman, too, shall have her rights as she throws herself into the arms of the Great Mother." Besides this, her graceful lady-like fun is quite boundless. Before marriage she and her lover take a ride up a Swiss mountain. The lover is mounted on an ass. "Come, push your friend on," says the lady; "really you seem to be quite at home on that animal, quite fraternal! Ask him how many brothers he has." The gentleman is quite equal to the occasion, and retorts with admirable spirit and elegance, "He says his mother only had him and another, a sister." This delightful repartee continues at great length. By and by the lady assures him, "The friend beneath you is a highly respectable quadruped, and he'll be of great use to-day, not only in carrying a near relative, but when we come to the echoes, you must be sure to make him bray then." This light lovers' talk, we suppose, belongs to the author's conception of what

* *Lionel Merval*. A Novel. 3 vols. London: Routledge & Sons.

the world is. But are not lovers the very people in connection with whom the world as it might be is the most appropriate?

The hero of the story, after undergoing a good many evil blows from circumstance, such as the death of his love, being cut off by his father, being forced to make a fortune in the City and to marry a handsome heiress, is left at the height of fame and fortune. He has two lovely children. He is "beloved by tenants and neighbours, respected for his virtues and regarded for his great ability." "Is he not deputy-lieutenant and member of Parliament for the adjoining borough?" "Is he not a noble, large-hearted statesman on whom the House may one day look with pride as well as with hope?" All this is very fine, but it sinks into a pale trifle by the side of his crowning glory. "Has he not already written a beautiful book of lyrical poems, full of feeling, spiritual experience, and wisdom?" This is indeed a blissful haven into which to conduct one's hero, enjoying the double splendour of being a deputy-lieutenant and a beautiful lyrical poet. When we lose sight of this lucky fellow he is talking nonsense about barks carrying spirits over saffron seas, and about believing "those clouds to be the true heavenly hills on the other side of those seas, and that there are forests, streams, and snowfields as in the earth's Alps." He is also particularly anxious to know his wife's opinion upon the point whether on those flowered Alps he shall be able to love both her and the dead love too. It is clear that it is not the diplomatic branch of statesmanship in which he excels.

OPERATIONS OF WAR.*

AT a time when the defence of Vienna has been committed to the Archduke Albert, it will be interesting to trace, with the help of Colonel Hamley, some of the campaigns in which his father, the Archduke Charles, contended with honour against Napoleon, and with success against all other French generals who in his day assailed Austria. The campaign of 1796 against Moreau and Jourdan was made when the Archduke was only twenty-five years of age, and, if he never improved upon this early essay in the field, he showed himself afterwards, by his writings, a consummate master of the theory of war. At the opening of this campaign the Austrians and French confronted each other on the Rhine from Basle to Dusseldorf. This portion of the Rhine formed the base of the French when they entered Germany. The base of the Austrians, as in other campaigns on this theatre, was the river Enns, as far as the Danube; and, beyond the Danube, the mountains and the Moldau. Two roads unite the extremities of the hostile bases—namely, on the south, from Brisach through Munich to Steyer on the Enns, and on the north, from Mayence through Egra to Theresienstadt on the Elbe. In the centre, there is a third great road from Carlsruhe and Mannheim through Heilbronn and Nuremberg to Budweis. And several roads lead from the Rhine upon Ulm, and thence by Donaueurth and Ingolstadt upon Ratisbon, from whence there are communications with both parts of the Austrian base.

The French possessed only one fortified bridge over the Rhine—namely, at Dusseldorf. The Austrians had one at Mayence, and another at Mannheim. Elsewhere, if either party wished to cross, they must force a passage or throw bridges. The Austrians had intended to assume the offensive, but the successes of Napoleon in Italy rendered their plan impracticable. The French Government, anxious to transfer the burden of the war to Germany, ordered their generals to cross the Rhine. Jourdan, accordingly, moved from Dusseldorf, and thus draw the Archduke northwards; whereupon Moreau on the 24th of June passed the river, by flying bridges and boats, above Kehl. The Archduke, having returned to the south, confronted Moreau at Pforzheim, which is about equi-distant from Kehl and Mannheim. Here the Archduke formed his plan, which was to retreat to the Danube; and then, in his own words, "to dispute the ground foot by foot, without accepting battle; to profit by the first opportunity to reunite his divided troops, and to cast himself with superior, or at any rate equal, forces on one of the two armies of the enemy." He had left a portion of his army in the north, under General Wartensleben, to oppose Jourdan; and his own left or southern wing, which had been pushed back by Moreau to Friburg, was retreating through the Black Forest on a line separate from the main body. Jourdan had now recrossed the Rhine, and was driving Wartensleben along the Main. The French generals, either under superior instruction or from choice, operated against the outward flanks of the Austrian armies; and thus the Archduke's design of combining his forces for an attack on one army was greatly favoured. He ordered Wartensleben to contest all practicable ground, retiring as slowly as possible, so as to afford opportunities for the projected junction. He then retreated to a position where he covered the road leading northward from Alen to Wurzburg, by which a junction with Wartensleben might be effected; but on hearing that Jourdan had driven that general beyond Wurzburg, he recommenced his retreat through the defiles on the north bank of the Danube till he reached that river near Dillingen. Here he halted some days, facing Moreau, and covering the evacuation of magazines on the Danube. Then he crossed the river, and, having reunited to himself his left wing, he moved down the Danube to Ingolstadt, where he recrossed to the north

side. It will be seen on a map that the course of the Danube from Ulm to Ratisbon is somewhat to the north of east, so that as the Archduke retreated down the river he drew nearer to Wartensleben. Meanwhile, that general having been driven eastward as far as Bamberg, turned at that point almost due south to Nuremberg, drawing Jourdan after him. The opportunity expected by the Archduke was now at hand. From Nuremberg Wartensleben moved south-east to Amberg, and beyond it to the river Naab. Jourdan followed this movement, detaching Bernadotte to Neumarkt to cover his right flank. The Archduke, with 28,000 men, was now marching against Bernadotte. He had left Latour, with 30,000 men, to "contain" Moreau, who had 60,000. On the 22nd of August the Archduke attacked Bernadotte at Neumarkt, and drove him towards Nuremberg. The Archduke then turned towards the Naab. He had ordered Wartensleben to be ready to push Jourdan on the least appearance of a retrograde movement, and in any case to attack him on the 24th, when the Archduke's army would debouch on the right flank of the French. But Jourdan, apprised of what was preparing, retreated behind Amberg. Here he was assailed by the united Austrian armies, and, after a partial action, commenced his retreat to Bamberg, and thence along the Main to Wurzburg. At this place he was defeated, and driven to take the longer and worse line of retreat by the north bank of the Main. On the 21st of September he recrossed the Rhine. Meanwhile Moreau, operating south of the Danube, drove Latour from the line of the Lech to that of the Isar. The Austrian garrison of Mannheim, set free by the Archduke's success, attacked Kehl, which was Moreau's point of passage of the Rhine; but the attack was repulsed. Moreau now began to retreat, still keeping on the south side of the Danube, until he reached a position west of Biberach, where he covered the roads into the Black Forest. The Archduke, having disposed of Jourdan, was moving up the east bank of the Rhine into Moreau's rear. Thus threatened, Moreau resolved, before entering the defiles, to disembarass his retreat of Latour, who, by the wide dispersion of his forces, invited attack. On the 2nd of October Moreau defeated Latour with heavy loss at Biberach. He then retreated through the forest, and emerged at Friburg. The Archduke was now joined by Latour, and their united forces closed the road to Kehl. They attacked Moreau in two successive positions, and finally drove him over the Rhine, which he crossed at Huningen, near Basle, on the 25th of October. To make their success complete, the Austrians took, during the winter, the fortifications of Huningen and Kehl. Thus the Archduke gained a campaign with inferior numbers, and displayed the advantage of concerted action, and of interposing between the parts of an enemy's front. It may be said that when he left Latour on the Danube, although he was about to outnumber Jourdan, yet Moreau equally outnumbered Latour, and therefore a blow struck on one side might be balanced on the other. But Colonel Hamley answers that Moreau was for many days ignorant of the Archduke's design; and, besides, the direction of the Archduke's march compelled Jourdan to retreat apart from Moreau; whereas Latour's line of retreat would be towards the Archduke, thus giving and receiving support. The Archduke exhibited in this campaign a beautiful example of strategic skill, and he has enhanced the benefit thus conferred on military science by describing his operations in a lucid manner. He said at parting from Latour, "Let Moreau go even to Vienna—that will matter little provided I beat Jourdan." This was true, because no success of Moreau south of the Danube would deprive the Archduke of his base in Bohemia, or prevent him from forcing Moreau to retreat by falling on his rear.

The campaign of 1809 was the last in which the Archduke commanded. He showed great ability, but his adversary Napoleon surpassed him in genius for war, and also in activity and power of endurance. The Austrians had 50,000 men in Bohemia under Bellegarde, and 140,000 under the Archduke, south of the Danube, along the line of the Inn. Napoleon had 167,000 troops on the Isar, at Ratisbon, Ingolstadt, and further to the west. The Archduke's design was to advance from the Inn, force the passage of the Isar, then cross the Danube above Ratisbon, and thus cut off Davoust, who held that place with 50,000 men, being the most advanced portion of the French army. Bellegarde, advancing from Bohemia, was to meet the Archduke when he crossed the Danube. This river makes a considerable angle to the southward at Ratisbon, so that with the Isar, which flows nearly parallel to the upper portion of its course, it forms what may be roughly described as three sides of an oblong. The fourth side may be formed by a line drawn from Ingolstadt on the Danube, to Landshut on the Isar. In the space thus enclosed was performed by Napoleon that wonderful series of movements which divided the Austrian army beyond the power of co-operation, and opened the road to Vienna to the French. On the 17th of April the Austrians crossed the Isar at and about Landshut, and advanced towards the Danube, having their line nearly parallel to it. Davoust at Ratisbon was beyond their right, and Massena, advancing from Augsburg, threatened their left. Napoleon, who had travelled with great rapidity from Paris, arrived on the Danube, and immediately made his presence felt. His line stretched from Ratisbon on the left along the Danube, to Neustadt on the right, and faced that of the Archduke, which extended from Eckmühl on the right to Mainburg on the left. Massena, as has been said, was coming up from Augsburg, so as to join the French right and threaten the Austrian left. Napoleon ordered Davoust to move from Ratisbon towards

* *The Operations of War Explained and Illustrated.* By Edward Bruce Hamley, Colonel in the Army, and Lieut.-Colonel Royal Artillery, &c. &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1866.

Neustadt, or from left to right; and as the Archduke at the same time extended his right from Eckmühl towards Ratisbon, his columns marched parallel to those of Davoust in the opposite direction, and so close as actually to engage them. It is evident that Napoleon was master of the field from the moment that he came upon it. He aimed his first blow at the Austrian left, directing against it not only Massena, who came up on his right, but also Lannes with half of Davoust's corps, which had marched from Ratisbon on his extreme left and along the Austrian front. On April 21st these generals defeated the Austrian left wing and drove it across the Isar at Landsbut. The Archduke with the remainder of his army was still near Eckmühl, but he had now faced about, so that he looked towards the Isar and had his back to Ratisbon and the Danube. On the 22nd Massena and Lannes returned from Landsbut and took part in the battle of Eckmühl, in which the Austrians were defeated. The Archduke was now compelled to cross the Danube at Ratisbon, and retreat towards Bohemia. Meanwhile the French columns which had crossed the Isar at Landsbut pursued the retreating Austrians, and descending the Danube seized the bridges, by which alone the Archduke could rejoin his left wing and interpose between the enemy and Vienna. On May 11 Napoleon occupied the Austrian capital. Thus in less than a week the Archduke's plan of offensive war was ruined, and his army broken into two parts, separated by the Danube and by a victorious enemy. While Napoleon was defeating the Austrian left wing, the Archduke might, if he had been as prompt as in 1796, have attacked Davoust, to whom he was far superior in force. But, as Colonel Hamley points out, "Davoust, if compelled to retreat, would have approached Napoleon, whereas the Austrian left wing, when defeated, was receding from the Archduke Charles."

At this point of the campaign Colonel Hamley leaves the Archduke, but in justice to Austria's able but unfortunate general we will follow him to the fields of Aspern or Essling, and Wagram, which were the last in which he led her armies. It may perhaps be a useful lesson to observe that, after Austria had sustained these heavy blows at Landsbut and Eckmühl, she brought the greatest of her enemies to the verge of ruin at Aspern. But the marvellous vigour of Napoleon was, in these years of his ascending fortune, aided by opportune weakness in his antagonist. If he and the Archduke could have changed places, the army which had been driven after three days' conflict into the island of Lobau would never have emerged from it. The object of Napoleon was to pass the Danube without letting go his hold of Vienna, and therefore he sought to find some point near that city where he might force the passage in face of the Archduke's army, which was now encamped in the Marchfeld. He selected the great island of Lobau, a short distance above Vienna. The principal branch of the river flows to the south of this island, and if the island were occupied by the French they would have only engineering difficulties to contend with in passing the south branch. But their passage of the north branch was likely to be opposed by the whole force of the Archduke's army. On the north bank, opposite the island, are the two villages of Aspern to the west and Essling to the east. They are about an English mile apart, and in and around them was fought the obstinate and sanguinary battle to which their names are given indiscriminately. The heroes of those three days on the French side were Lannes and Massena. Lannes died upon the field. Massena brought from it the well-earned title of Prince of Essling. At the head of the Austrian columns were the same noble names which have so often been found there. In order to appreciate the greatness of the stake played for, it will be necessary to bear in mind that Napoleon and the flower of his army were in the island. The bridge which he had built at Ebersdorf, across the south branch of the Danube, was insufficient for the passage of necessary supplies, and besides it was repeatedly carried away by freshets or by floating masses sent down the stream by the Austrian engineers. To drive the French army into the island was, therefore, almost equivalent to its destruction, and Napoleon taxed to the utmost the devotion of his troops in the efforts which he made to keep a footing on the north bank. The French, with their usual quickness, completed a pontoon bridge across the north branch before the Austrians appeared in force, and in the afternoon of the 20th of June they placed a considerable body of cavalry and infantry on the north bank, with which they occupied the villages. The Austrians vigorously assailed these important posts, and just as Napoleon came up to direct operations, he heard that the bridge in his rear had been carried away, so as to stop the passage of reinforcements. But the French held the villages through the night, and in the course of it the bridge was restored. In the morning the bridge was again broken, and it is said that Napoleon's resolution yielded at this second blow, and he ordered the abandonment of the villages, but at the entreaty of General Molitor, who held Aspern, he recalled the order. These villages formed, as it were, two stout bastions. The houses in them were of stone. The Austrians, as usual, were slow in resuming work on the 21st, but still the day was long enough to weary the stoutest soldier. After five hours' conflict Molitor was driven out of Aspern, but Lannes held Essling against all attacks. The supply of ammunition to the French was very uncertain throughout the day. The troops on both sides lay down for the second night where they stood. Napoleon rested on the sands of the Danube, within half a mile of the Austrian batteries. In the middle of the night the bridge was again carried away. In the early morning Massena regained the churchyard of Aspern; but, on the other hand, the Austrians

carried Essling. In this kind of hand-to-hand fighting any colonel of grenadiers was as good, as far as skill went, as Napoleon. But an opportunity seemed to offer for generalship. Lannes was ordered to advance against the Austrian centre. This marshal was helpless in the conduct of a campaign, but in handling a corps on the field of battle he was unsurpassed. His advance was only arrested by the vigorous effort and personal exposure of the Archduke. "Dès lors," says Savary, "il fut facile de prévoir que la journée ne pouvait avoir une issue heureuse." Since midday the supply of ammunition had begun to fall short in the French army, and about half-past eight it was exhausted. At this moment came news that the bridge of Ebersdorf was entirely destroyed. Napoleon, being unwilling to trust wholly to the bayonet and sabre, ordered his troops to retire across the pontoon bridge into the island of Lobau. Imagination may conceive what followed. There may have been 60,000 exhausted troops to pass by a single bridge. When the cavalry attempted to check the Austrian advance it was driven back upon the infantry, whose dense masses were exposed to a powerful artillery. Lannes received a mortal wound at the moment when Emperor and soldiers had the greatest need of him. Massena still held Aspern, but during the night he followed the rest of the army into the island. "If," says Sir Edward Cust in his *Annals of the Wars*, "the Archduke had shown a tithe of his former energy, he would not have lain down to rest until he had got possession of the pontoon bridge." The Austrians acknowledged that in these three days' fighting they had 20,000 men killed and wounded. The French maintained on the subject of their losses an eloquent reserve.

We cannot follow the Archduke through the movements of his last battle, Wagram. For reasons not easy to understand, he allowed Napoleon, after six weeks in Lobau, to cross to the north bank of the Danube unopposed. The Archduke, however, had selected his battle-ground in the Marchfeld. He had his back to the north, and his face towards the city which he fought to save. His plan depended for success on the arrival on his left, during the battle, of his brother, the Archduke John, who had to make an easy march from Presburg. But this prince slept upon the road, and came not until his brother's plan had failed for want of his support. Such seems to be the invariable fate of Austrian armies. With courage and devotion beyond all praise there is always something wanting somewhere. The Archduke began his attack at dawn of the 6th of July, and by four in the afternoon he recognised the failure of this his last attempt to save the Empire. It may gratify British pride to remember that this victory of Napoleon was due, next to himself, to that brave and honourable soldier who bore the name of Macdonald. There were few trophies of this day, for the Austrians retired in unbroken order and carried off their guns. It is said that the Archduke's failure in this campaign was partly due to infirm health. But nevertheless he seemed, between Eckmühl and Wagram, to become more equal to the difficulty of having Napoleon in his front. Such a victory as Wagram might well cause the victor to desire peace.

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR.*

TAKING a man's life is, in some cases, almost equalled in atrocity by writing it. We think it probable that he who first prayed to be saved from his friends was apprehensive that some kind friend would become his biographer. Certainly there are others than Lord Brougham who have had reason to consider the inevitable volumes which appear after decease to be more dreadful than death itself. To the biographer nothing is sacred. He frequently takes a grim pleasure in revealing all the hidden thoughts and placing on record all the slips of his hero, thereby earning high praise from an undiscerning public for the fidelity of his portraiture, and achieving renown at the expense of his departed friend. There may be no malice in the performance. The bad result may be wholly attributable to the good intentions which do so much mischief in this world, and furnish so much slippery pavement for another. Sheer blundering or stupidity may often be fairly urged as an excuse for the disparaging or wearisome biography. The unpractised scribe who might hesitate to undertake the leading article or review which, it has been said, all men fancy that they can pen, never has any misgivings as to his fitness for producing the most difficult of literary works—a really valuable life of the distinguished friend whom he has known intimately, or of the stranger whose career and works he would commemorate.

The common difficulties are greatly increased when the biographer has to edit rather than compose a life, when he has to sift with discrimination, and set forth in due order the materials which the deceased has left behind him. He is very liable to fall into the error of attaching value to documents which owe their sole interest to the fact of their having been written by, or addressed to the deceased. Instead of using his materials so as to convert them into a well-proportioned work, he will probably mass them in chronological order, and thus produce one, two, or more volumes which are no more artistically composed than would be a book made up of the contents of a waste-paper basket. To the sin of giving undue publicity to private and commonplace matters the Americans are very prone. The fatal fluency of utterance with which they are endowed renders their speeches intolerably tedious, while the not less fatal fondness for printing

* *Life of Benjamin Stillman*. By George P. Fisher, Professor in Yale College. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1866.

whatever they have written, has caused them to give to the world some of the most diffuse and ponderous biographies which have ever wearied the gentlest of readers, and irritated the most placid critics. Not in the first rank, indeed, but still among the offenders of this kind, we must class Professor Fisher. When compiling the life of Professor Silliman, he had an excellent opportunity for producing one of those precious books wherein every page contains something pleasant to read, and of which every one complains that they are too quickly perused. Unfortunately, he was unaware of the right system of dealing with the ample materials at his disposal. Throughout a life which began in 1779 and closed in 1864, the late Professor Silliman kept a diary, and, when an old man, he wrote reminiscences of his earlier days. There are many things of no value in every private record of personal experience, and, when this has to be published, the editor's duty consists in rigidly suppressing whatever is devoid of interest for the general public, and fusing the whole into a connected narrative. Had this been done in the present case, we should have had a work before us which would be much more popular than these two volumes are likely to be. As it is, we have a rather disjointed account of one whom the Americans may class, with perfect truth, among their most remarkable men. Where the story is most interesting, letters are often inserted which may be characteristic, but which are sometimes unimportant, and nearly always out of place. Indeed, we greatly doubt the propriety of printing in a biography the letters addressed to the deceased by his friends and acquaintances. Even more objectionable is the practice which Professor Fisher is not singular in adopting—that is, to insert at the end of the work testimonials in favour of the late Professor Silliman from his sorrowing children and friends. What is the use of a biography unless it be to let a reader understand what manner of man the subject of it was? All the details necessary for imparting this information should be incorporated with the text. To print a series of biographical sketches at the end of the last volume is as absurd as if an historian should put in an appendix all the documents on which his history is based.

Despite the drawbacks we have indicated, this work cannot be perused without the reader feeling admiration for its hero. Although his reputation was acquired on account of his scientific attainments, yet Professor Silliman is not entitled to rank among the great men of science. His part was not that of discovering new laws of nature, but of extending an acquaintance with scientific processes, and of furnishing plausible explanations of scientific problems. His diligence as a collector of facts was only equalled by his capacity for communicating to others that which he knew. He first made science popular in America. That he did so under difficulties is exemplified by the fact that, on being appointed Professor of Chemistry in Yale College, he had to become a student prior to acting as teacher. He was then in his twenty-second year. The circumstances under which the appointment was made are its best excuse. The authorities of Yale College, desiring to institute a Chair of Chemistry and Natural History, and having no option except to select a foreigner or nominate one of their graduates on the understanding that he was to qualify himself for the post, made the offer of it to Mr. Silliman. In those days the physical sciences were little cultivated in America, and it was even necessary for those who wished to study them thoroughly to visit Europe. Mr. Silliman first attended a course of lectures given by Dr. Woodhouse in Philadelphia, who had then returned from London, where he had been instructed by Sir Humphry Davy and others. Of the competency of the professor we have some doubts. Certainly, an anecdote told of him by Mr. Silliman shows that he sometimes blundered:—

Hydrogen gas was the subject, and its relation to life. It was stated that an animal confined in it would die; and a living hen was, for the experiment, immersed in the hydrogen gas, with which a bell-glass was filled. The hen gasped, kicked, and lay still. "There, gentlemen (said the Professor) you see she is dead"; but no sooner had the words passed his lips than the hen with a struggle overturned the bell-glass, and with a loud scream flew across the room, flapping the heads of the students with her wings, while they were convulsed with laughter. The same thing might have occurred to any one who had incautiously omitted to state that this gas is not poisonous, like carbonic acid, but kills, like water, by suffocation.

After two years of study, Professor Silliman began to lecture. In addition to the difficulty in getting good instructors, the students of chemistry had then infinite trouble, in some parts of the country, to obtain the requisite apparatus. Even glass retorts were not to be procured in Connecticut. Applying for some to a glass manufacturer of East Hartford, Professor Silliman was told by him that he had never seen one, but he offered to make any number provided a pattern were sent. The professor records, as the result of the transaction, a blunder which shows that the stories we have read about the imitative faculties and ludicrous mistakes of Chinamen and Russians could then be paralleled in America. He says:—

I had a retort, the neck and tube of which was broken off near the ball, but as no portion was missing, and the two parts exactly fitted each other, I sent this retort and its neck in a box, never dreaming that there could be any blunder. In due time, however, my dozen of green glass retorts of East Hartford manufacture arrived, carefully boxed and all sound, except that they are all cracked off in the neck, exactly where the pattern was fractured; and broken neck and ball lay in state like decapitated kings in their coffins.

In 1805 he visited England. His purpose was to perfect himself in chemical knowledge by attending the lectures of professors

more experienced than himself. The College authorities had been so liberal as to give him leave of absence for a year and a half, while paying him his usual salary, thus testifying in the most gratifying and practical way both their desire to promote scientific pursuits, and the confidence they placed in Professor Silliman. After a sojourn in London, and a short visit to Cambridge, he settled in Edinburgh, where he profited by the teaching of the professors who then made its University so attractive and renowned. He did not confine his studies to chemistry, but extended them to other sciences, and especially to mineralogy and geology. Moreover, he studied medicine, with the view of eventually taking his degree as a physician. Not the least interesting portion of his journal is that containing an account of his life at this time. On returning home in 1806, he began the yearly courses of lectures on chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, which he gave almost without intermission till 1853. In 1818 he founded the *American Journal of Science*, which he edited till nearly the close of his life, and which has always been, and is still regarded as the best publication of its kind in America. He was twice married; and was blessed with dutiful children, of whom one has obtained a scientific reputation not inferior to his own. He lived to see all the plans of his early life realized in later years. At the ripe age of eighty-five, and with his faculties almost unimpaired, he laid down a life which had assuredly been one of usefulness, and was probably one of unusual enjoyment.

Apart from the eulogiums of sorrowing friends, with which this work is too full, we have no difficulty in believing that Professor Silliman must have been personally very fascinating. His correspondence shows that he was a gentleman of the old school, one of the men whom America can hardly reproduce. In his journal, first begun when a student, he manifests tastes which few young Americans are likely to have now. Life is to him a serious business, wherein to get money is subservient to getting improvement, and advancement is considered to depend upon good breeding. The child of Puritan parents, he was naturally disposed to admire what tended to edification rather than what gave temporary pleasure. This explains some of his early likings and aversions, and how a youth of sixteen could make some of the entries which we read in his journal. Having remarked that he had formed the resolution of committing to paper "every material error" of his life, we find him stating that, although on a particular day he could not tax himself with errors, "I wish, however, to gain the ascendancy over my irascibility, and to cultivate the heavenly virtue of affability and complacency to all, so that my life, whether short or long, may be both more agreeable to myself and to others." Again, "I find that I am very apt to be guilty of scandal, although I acquit myself of doing it through any malicious design. I desire to make it a rule from this time never to say anything concerning any person (if I cannot speak in his favour), unless it be absolutely necessary." There are numerous passages in the same strain. Interspersed with them are others which show that he was sensible enough to live in an exemplary manner without shunning pleasures which an ascetic would stigmatize as "worldly." It is with no remorse that he chronicles how many balls he attended, or how many toasts he drank in honour of the ladies. When he does find fault with festive scenes it is on account of their frivolity, not of their sinfulness. From the following passage we should infer that he had often good cause to regret the time wasted in society. Concerning one party he remarks:—"We conversed upon—what? Ah! what, sure enough, for I'm sure I can't tell. Not a single useful observation have I heard this evening, but I have (I hope) made some. And the torture of etiquette! Stuck up like a wax figure, I must sit; first cross one leg, then the other; then thrust my hand into my jacket; then drag forth a studied observation, or hear one equally sensible; such as, 'Mr. — is a fine dancer.' 'Did you attend the last assembly?' 'Did you ever dance a cotillon?' 'Mr. Silliman, do sing?' 'Pray excuse me, ma'am.' 'O no, sir. Good singers always need urging.' Such is the conversation of great companies. I can see no pleasure in such conversation. The chimney-corner is the place for me." If the truth were told, how many would admit that what was true of American society seventy years ago is equally true of English society now, and that ladies and gentlemen still meet together nominally to amuse themselves, but really in order to converse like children!

Among the things to which he frequently refers as objects to be diligently sought after, is that of behaving with uniform courtesy. He evidently entertained an opinion no longer in vogue among his countrymen or ours—namely, that "manners make the man." He strove to inculcate upon others what he endeavoured to show forth in his own behaviour. In a letter written two years after he had been elected a professor, and addressed to one of his first students, he says: "In my opinion, gentlemanlike manners are worth some time and attention; they are a perpetual letter of introduction wherever you go." That he did not, like a dancing-master, set any store upon "deportment" for its own sake, is proved by another sentence in the same letter:—"I cannot be understood by you to exalt good manners and a knowledge of the world beyond their real value; for without good sense, good principles, useful employment, and intellectual improvement, they are the mere tinsel gilding on a wooden ball." A year later, when about to sail for Europe, he informed his brother that his "mind is bent on acquiring professional science, a knowledge of mankind, that general information which shall give me pleasing resources for reflection and conversation, those polished manners which shall prove a perpetual letter of introduction, and

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